American West

The land and its people

May/June 1983 $3

The blood of Abel—Idaho murder most foul

Goldfield miners didn't call it stealing

The magnificent Rockies: Studio for artists

On the sheep trail with Arizona's Basques

The greatest bronc buster who ever lived

Adventure, luck, hot air on the Grand River

0 11588 05
0 368985

This Classic Western Painting Now has a Beautiful New Companion

In 1968 Olaf Wieghorst completed what was to become one of the most famous paintings in western art history. The "Navajo Madonna" was a quietly reverent work that embodied the artist's deep love for the old west and its peoples. Today, this painting is considered a classic of the genre, and recently sold for a record $450,000.

The "Navajo Madonna" was also published as a limited edition lithograph in 1972 and, like the original, it became a classic in its own right, sought and prized by collectors of western art. Today, this lithograph sells for up to $7,000.

And now, Mr. Wieghorst has given his famous "Navajo Madonna" a beautiful companion called, simply, "The Navajo".

This new work has also been published in limited edition, and faithfully captures the pensive charm and sensitivity of its forebear. In "The Navajo" the same compelling emotions return to the viewer with a fresh and haunting intensity.

The solitary figure of "The Navajo" rests patiently amid the grandeur of Arizona's Monument Valley, balanced delicately with nature, apart from, yet part of its mystery. "The Navajo" finds himself alone in the picture's timelessness, but in his solitude remains a universal symbol of all mankind. As such "The Navajo" reaches beyond the temporal, and touches a basic human cord, which is the intriguing essence of the picture, and its enduring strength.

"The Navajo" is a unique work of art, one that enhances each day with a special grace, and one that will become a cherished possession that can only grow in value.

"The Navajo" has been reproduced in limited edition to complement in every respect the "Navajo Madonna".

Paper Size: 25½x23 inches.

Image Size: 22x20 inches.

Paper: pH neutral rag.

Edition Size: 1,500 regular, signed and numbered, 150 AP's, 25 HC's. Signature and number in bottom of image area.

Price: $500.00

"The Navajo" is issued in a handsome, deluxe protective folio which features reproductions of two original pen and ink drawings by Mr. Wieghorst. These western subject drawings are attractive works of art in themselves, and are suitable for framing. The drawings are exclusive to "The Navajo" folio, and will not be reproduced in any other form or medium.

The Wooden Bird

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9,046 RESPONSES TO ART DIRECTORY

At AMERICAN WEST we know that the reason you advertise is to gain new sales leads and to make sales. Now, as an art advertiser how would you like to receive the names and addresses of readers who have expressed a direct interest in your gallery or merchandise? And what if this service was provided absolutely FREE?

This marketing service is available to you through the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory. The January/February Art Directory drew 9,046 reader responses by March 16; an average 201 inquiries for each of the 45 advertisers who participated. 201 sales prospects, with names and addresses, per advertiser!

For those of you unfamiliar with the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory, it was a page in the January/February issue that listed 45 advertisers with a 35-word description of their business, art product, and/or service. Readers were invited to send for more information, brochures, or catalogs from the participating advertisers by simply circling a number on an accompanying postage-paid envelope and dropping it in the mail. When there was a charge for a brochure or catalog, readers were asked to include a check for the amount indicated.

All of the envelopes were then processed at the Nielsen Clearinghouse, and the names of the inquiring readers were forwarded to the advertisers once a week on mailing labels. Checks were issued once a month to the advertisers who charged for their materials. This readers inquiry service was provided absolutely FREE to AMERICAN WEST art advertisers.

The first AMERICAN WEST Art Directory has proved to be so successful that we are going to offer a second one in the July/August 1983 issue. If you want to participate again, or if you missed being included in the first one, but don't want to miss the next one, look for the Art Directory application at the back of this issue. The application with your 35-word listing must be returned by *May 5, 1983*. Space is limited so get it in the mail today!

15,149 RESPONSES TO TRAVEL PLANNER

(in just the first 2 weeks!)

Market research has indicated that AMERICAN WEST's readers are avid travelers and, more importantly, have both the free time and discretionary income to travel. Our readership survey conducted by Mark Clement Research,

Inc., revealed that 81.4% had vacationed in the past year, spending an average 24 days away from home, and that our readers' average age is 50.6 years, with an average income of $43,070.

Armed with this knowledge we launched the AMERICAN WEST Travel Planner in the March/April issue. The Travel Planner was a FREE reader-inquiry service in which advertisers described their travel service, product, or destination in a 35-word listing. Readers were encouraged to send for more information, brochures, or travel packets from the 23 participating advertisers by circling a number on a postage-paid postcard and dropping it in the mail.

Like the Art Directory, the postcards were then processed at the Nielsen Clearinghouse and the names of the interested readers were forwarded to advertisers on mailing labels once a week.

The initial reader response to the AMERICAN WEST Travel Planner has been terrific, even surpassing our own expectations. In the first two weeks alone, Nielsen received 15,149 inquiries from readers requesting more information from the 23 participating advertisers. An average 658 responses for each travel advertiser in just two weeks!

If you are part of the travel industry and missed the chance to be in the first Travel Planner, don't miss the next one which is scheduled for the September/October issue. A travel ad in the upcoming July/August or September/October issues will qualify you for a FREE 35-word listing in the next AMERICAN WEST Travel Planner. Contact your sales representative for details.

100,000 MET!

The Audit Bureau of Circulations has just released AMERICAN WEST's Magazine Publisher's Statement for the last six months of 1982. Average paid circulation for this period was at **100,017**, subject to audit. If you would like a copy of this report, contact your sales representative today.

The July/August 1983 issue closes on May 5. This is your opportunity to reach AMERICAN WEST's growing audience which will surpass 115,000 with this issue. And if you are in the art marketplace, the July/August issue gives you the chance to reach our art collectors through the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory. Get your FREE 35-word listing to us today.

Enough said. Enjoy AMERICAN WEST.

"The Navajo"

SILK AND BEADS, A/C 60 x 72

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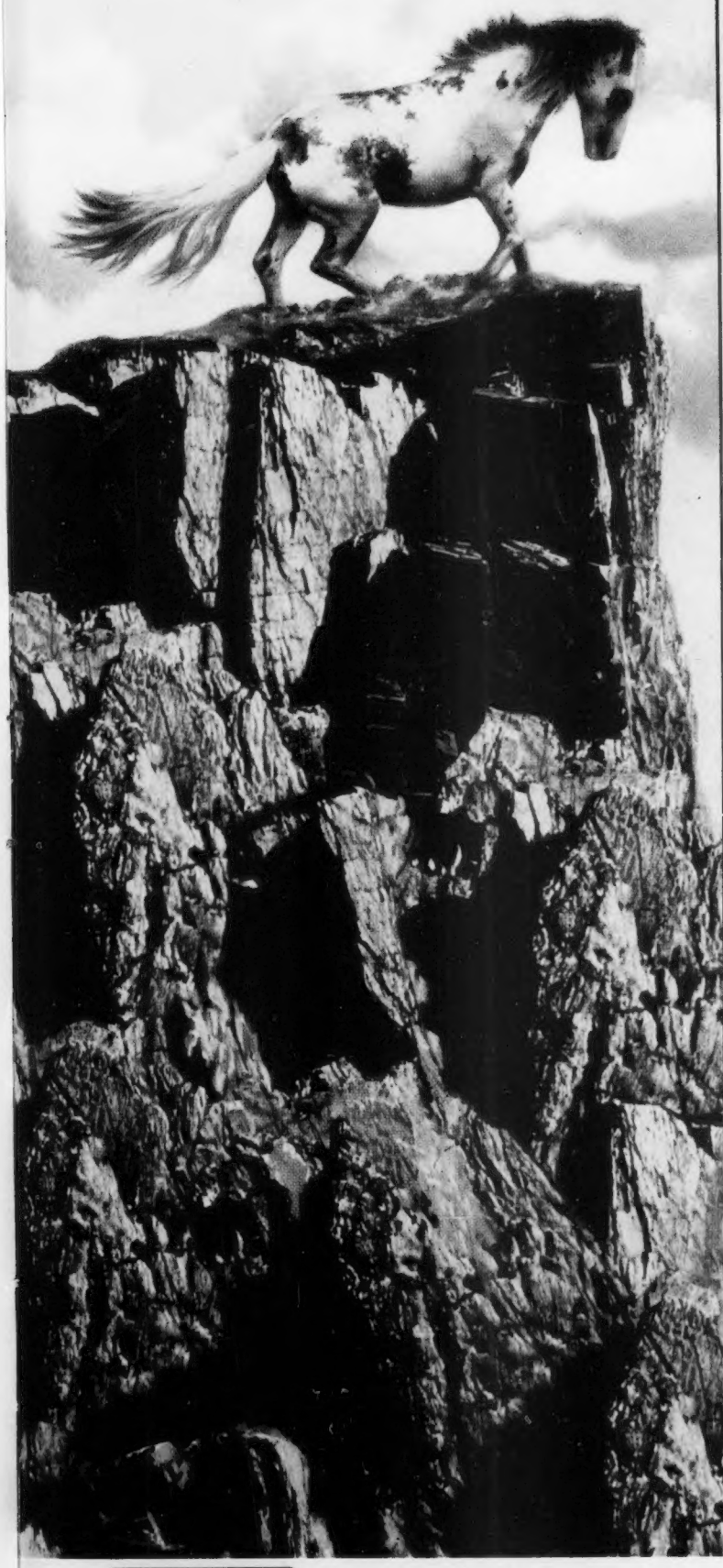
VELOY VIGIL/ STUDIO · 110 MORADA LN · TAOS NM 87571 · 505-758-8384

Somewhere mustangs still run free. Zane Grey will lead you there.



He's more mountain lion than mustang. With hellfire eyes. A mane like black flame. And a back that's never known a rope or a rider.

The Indians call him Panquitch. And the old chiefs say that when you see him, the blood dances in your veins.

Zane Grey will lead you to Panquitch in *Wild Horse Mesa*, the story of Chane, one of a breed of wild-horse wranglers who battles a merciless killer in his desperate search for the King of the Horses. Here, in all its grandeur, is the lost art of riding down, roping and taming the noble wild mustang of the Old West.

If this is the kind of rousing adventure you enjoy, let us send you—for just $1—*Wild Horse Mesa* plus three other action-packed Zane Grey Novels:

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The Man of the Forest draws from tragic accounts of how defenseless Arizona farmers and ranchers, were ravaged by thieving murderous outlaws.

When the brave Raynor sisters decide to fight back, aided by a mysterious benefactor from the mountains, a bloody range war ensues.

The Light of Western Stars. Gene Steward, framed for the murder of a total stranger, must rely on the testimony of a beautiful, frightened eyewitness, to bring the real killers to justice. Zane Grey portrays the cowboy life of riding, roping, branding, shooting. All with a richness of of detail that could only come with firsthand experience.

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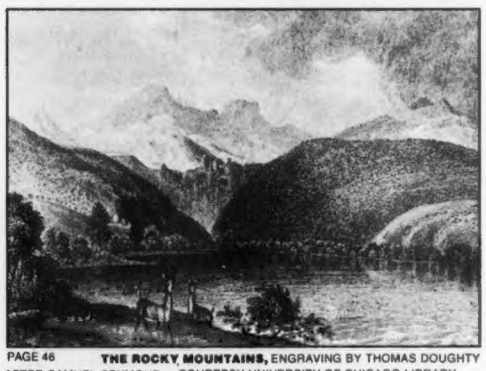
May/June 1983 Vol. XX, No. 3

American West

PAGE 22 PHOTO BY CAROL ANN BASSETT

PAGE 54 COURTESY CAROL AIROLA



PAGE 46 **THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,** ENGRAVING BY THOMAS DOUGHTY AFTER SAMUEL SEYMOUR. COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

Adventure, Luck, and Hot Air on Colorado Frontier
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Encampment in the Teton Country,
also known as **Scouts in the Tetons,**
oil by John Mix Stanley, 1860, 24" x 34"

Cover

In the first half of the nineteenth century, artist-explorers ventured into the wilderness of the American West to marvel at its natural glories. Among those who pictured the rugged beauty of the Rocky Mountains was John Mix Stanley from Detroit. His masterpiece on our cover is part of a panoramic landscape tradition that conveyed to an enthusiastic people a sense of the vast distances in the West and the conviction that God was reflected in nature, His handiwork. Stanley did the original sketch in the valley of the Teton River, while with the Isaac Stephens northern railway survey.

COURTESY THE THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA, OKLAHOMA

View from the West

PHOTO BY ANN L. PRESTON

Measure everything by the Titan rocket and the transistor radio, and the world is full of primitive people. But once change the unit of value to the poem or the dance event or the dream and it becomes apparent what all those people have been doing all those years with all that time on their hands.

—Technicians of the Sacred
by Jerome Rothenberg

Skinned fingers, bruised knees through torn jeans, butterflies flitting around in the belly of fear marked our cautious way up the sandstone chimney of Fajada Butte. Once past this first and most intimidating of barriers, we gingerly picked a path around the cracked cliffs, climbing ever higher into the New Mexico morning sky, following the ancient Anasazi trail to the now-famous Sun Dagger.

We rounded the final flying buttress of crumbling rock, expecting to find ourselves before the mysterious Indian petroglyph thought to have served as a seasonal calendar for the people of Chaco Canyon. Instead we emerged before an imposing array of laser projectors, cameras (movie and still), solar measuring devices, special tripods, recording equipment, and several very, very busy people scurrying all over the rocks, talking quickly and loudly and jotting down their inspirations in little spiral notebooks.

The scrambling, incongruous happening before the Anasazi sundial on the precipice of that isolated, flat-topped New Mexico monolith appeared so out of harmony with the eagle-aerie atmosphere that it left us with a vaguely uneasy feeling. We wondered if the ancient spirits of the canyon below contemplated sending a blast of wind to spill us and all of our clever equipment off the cliff. Or were they, instead, roaring a great belly-laugh over all this busy fuss to speed up the process of seeing what the sun would show us in the course of time—a course of time the original Indian inhabitants of this place had discovered for themselves some hundreds of years before.

That night, down on the floor of Chaco Canyon, having negotiated the sandstone chimney in reverse, complete with new skinned fingers, bruised knees and butterflies, I lay in a warm sleeping bag in the bed of my truck, head on the tailgate, gazing up at the gigantic, star-lit silhouette of Fajada Butte.

Between dozes in the back of the truck and gazes into the turning night-sky above (the party on the Butte were still at it, flashing flashlights on the petroglyph), it seemed to me that without a doubt the Indians of Chaco Canyon and probably most, if not all, of the Indians of the plains and valleys of the West knew and used the sky to record the accurate passage of time.

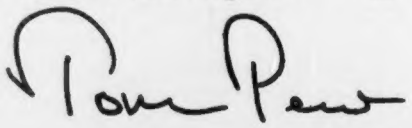
The laser and flashlight-assisted effort occurring on the Butte that day and night struck me as the ultimate expression of just how far we modern occupants of the West have gotten away from the simple joyful use of our own brains at play in the field of the universe. In every man's experience since the beginning of human consciousness, the movement of the stars in the night sky and the rising and setting of the sun against the backdrop of a cliff or in the arms of a tree have operated on the brain like the point of a stylus etching a recorded path on a revolving paper-drum.

Anyone who has camped out at night beneath the trees or in the line of sight of a shoulder of a mountain, but especially in the sharp-edged canyon and mesa country of the Southwest, cannot avoid observing the turning of the ever-revolving cosmic clock. If our lives depended on being able to decipher this clock so that we knew when to plant, when game came into the country, when rains came or rivers overflowed their banks and made irrigation feasible, does it seem unlikely that we'd learn to tell time by the turning of the sky? Or do we believe that our brains are somehow superior to those that preceded us here?

Not far from the offices of AMERICAN WEST is a place in the Sonoran desert called Casa Grande. It is a site where prehistoric people lined up holes on the third floor of an adobe building to mark equinoxal rising points of the sun. As we speed by on the super highway, we might like to think of these people as primitive, but these primitive people constructed an irrigation system in the Salt and Gila Valleys with more than 600 miles of canals, and the headgate for their irrigation system was some sixteen miles from the fields.

This system, the whole culture—like the culture of Chaco Canyon and others throughout the West—depended on an ability to plant at the right time. Of course they learned how to tell time, and the clock was ever at hand: it rose in the morning and set in the evening and moved back and forth on the horizon just as certainly as the hands of a clock do today.

How could we have forgotten?



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AMERICAN WEST is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

AMERICAN WEST (ISSN 0003-1534) is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial, circulation, and advertising offices are reached at 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Arizona 85719, tel. (602) 881-5850. Newsstand price: $3. Back issues: $5 (includes shipping). Subscriptions: one year $15; two years $25; three years $35 (outside the U.S. $4 per year extra). Subscription correspondence and orders should be sent to Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305. However, members of the Western History Association should address communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. AMERICAN WEST encourages writers to send a query letter and self-addressed, stamped envelope before submitting manuscripts. Copyright © 1983 by American West Publishing Company. Second-class postage paid at Tucson, Arizona, and additional post offices. **Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to AMERICAN WEST, Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305.**

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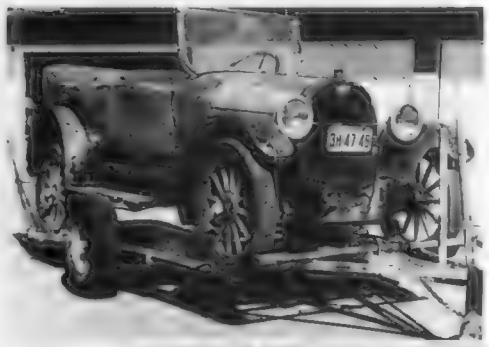
Letters



1919 BABY GRAND CHEVY. COURTESY H B CRAWFORD

There WAS a Baby Grand Chevy

In the March/April issue of AMERICAN WEST, in the Letters section, there is a note from a Mr. Walter R. Wullschleger saying there never was a Chevrolet Baby Grand. This is not true. Chevrolet made and sold Baby Grands in 1917–1921, I think.

Enclosed is a photograph of a 1919 Chevrolet Baby Grand that I once owned and then sold. Just to keep the record straight.

Harley B. Crawford
Santa Rosa, California

I beg to differ with your reader who said there never was a Baby Grand Chevrolet. I learned to drive in a Baby Grand Chevrolet. I drove it by myself for the first time in 1922 at the age of fourteen. There were two models of Chevrolet sold in 1919. One was the 490, and the other was the Baby Grand, which was a touring car with two small round windows in the back curtain. It had a four-cylinder engine.

I have also heard people swear that there never was a "One-Eyed" Brisco, but I have a picture of my uncle's Brisco. It shows the single headlight and the beautiful crown hubcaps it sported.

Melvin Govig
Mira Loma, California

It seems that my tentative identification of the bombed auto in my Naco article (your January/February issue) stirred old memories.

I recall that Mr. Ray Hart of Big Bear Valley, California, owned a Baby Grand Chevrolet in good condition in 1926–1927. I agree with Mr. Eugene Clay of Yucca Valley, California, that the picture (from the Valenzuela collection) on pages 44-45 of the January/February issue was mis-dated somewhere along the line—the autos shown are models of the late 'teens or early 1920s.

C. O. Peterson
Apache Junction, Arizona

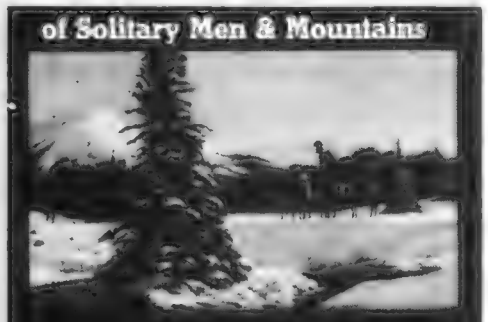
More about Naco

About Naco. In 1928 I cut school from Bisbee High School, took the bus to Naco and visited the trenches on the Mexican side of Naco. Federales in control. I tried to swipe a sleeping soldier's pistol, was caught and had to spend the night in some office, writing passionate disclaimers of unjust detention to the American side, which I doubt were ever delivered. (To whom?) I was a sophomore in High School. There were two bombs dropped on Naco, Mexico, the day I was there. My escapade was covered in the 1929 *Cuprite*–the High School annual. So—

Clarence Wolcott
Healdsburg, California

Author C. O. Peterson has supplied us with a copy of a letter sent to him by Senator Barry Goldwater, in regard to Peterson's Naco article. We reproduce it with Senator Goldwater's permission.–Ed.

My freshman year in college was the year the Mexican Revolution was taking place around Naco, and on Sundays when I would drive some of our baseball players to play for Bisbee or Warren [in the spring of 1929], I would drive on down in a cattle car with armor plate up to about my chin and watch the two sides fight it out. It was a lot of noise,



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a lot of shooting, but nobody seemed to be hit.

Now as to the bombing: I forget the gentleman's name, but he was a member of the SAE fraternity, and during the week he would make bombs out of about a foot-long piece of three-inch pipe, loaded with black powder, nuts and bolts, and whatnot, into which he would insert a fuse, and then flying over the lines when he had time off, he would light the fuse and drop it. I don't know if he ever did any good, but it was my recollection that they caught him, and they came very close to hanging him over in Mexico. That is about as far as I can remember at the moment.

Barry Goldwater
Washington, D.C.

The picture on pages 44–45 of Naco, Arizona, in your January/February issue is somewhat later than the 1913 date given. Being a collector of old autos and license plates and fairly well-versed in history, let me cite the following.

Arizona did not have license plates until 1914. The auto on the extreme right definitely shows a light color on dark ground, though too blurry to see date. My Arizona plate paint-chart shows that they were light on dark colors for 1914, 1917, 1919, and 1921. (By the way, the 1917 Arizona had the first picture plate, with a steer head on left side.)

The second car from the right is definitely a Ford T of 1917 to 1921 vintage. Of the two autos on the extreme left (possibly T's), the roadster has the top completely off, and the touring has the rear doors off (or open). Usually, cars were not used in this manner until after some years of use.

The first drive-in gas station was opened in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in late 1912. The sign in the picture [Red Crown Gasoline] shows very much weatherization which definitely shows the picture to be of a much later date, probably 1919, possibly 1921 or later.

Your faithful reader since issue #1.

William Krellner
St. Marys, Pennsylvania

Watt speak-out

Just as your reference to "manure on the kitchen floor" and "the unwelcome stockyard contribution tracked into a warm kitchen," your editorial on James Watt was exactly that—BULL!

You need another point of view, based on facts, not bumper stickers, whisper-campaigns and rumors. Yours for informative editorials based on truth, not fiction.

Eleanore Szydlo
Stevenson, Washington

I am a supporter of National Parks, Monuments, Historic sites, National landmarks, State Parks, State Historic sites, City parks and a limited amount of Wilderness areas, but enough is enough. We should not have the entire nation covered with "no vehicles beyond this point" signs. We need more multiple use lands and less restricted wilderness lands. . . .

Secretary of the Interior Watt is doing a magnificent job of serving the most people in the best possible manner regarding matters under the jurisdiction of the Department. This nation does not need idle minds, idle hands or idle lands. Ann Landers always gives the other side. Paul Harvey tells the rest of the story. Are you as big as these literary giants?

Virginia Morrison
Madill, Oklahoma

My sincere thanks for the "View from the West" piece in the March/April issue. It took considerable courage to write and more conviction to run it as the lead editorial comment. James Watt considers himself the ultimate westerner. He is a westerner, of a sort. He is typical of the temple-destroyers and cut-rip-and-run con artists that ravaged the West in the last century. If he has his way, he will plunder the West for short-term profits and convenience for the present generation and leave nothing for generations to come but the tailings. The West has outgrown James Watt. If his boss does not have the good sense to sack him, the people will sack his boss.

Harlan Hague
Stockton, California

Perhaps us Forces of the Left are just overly suspicious. After all, Mr. Watt's

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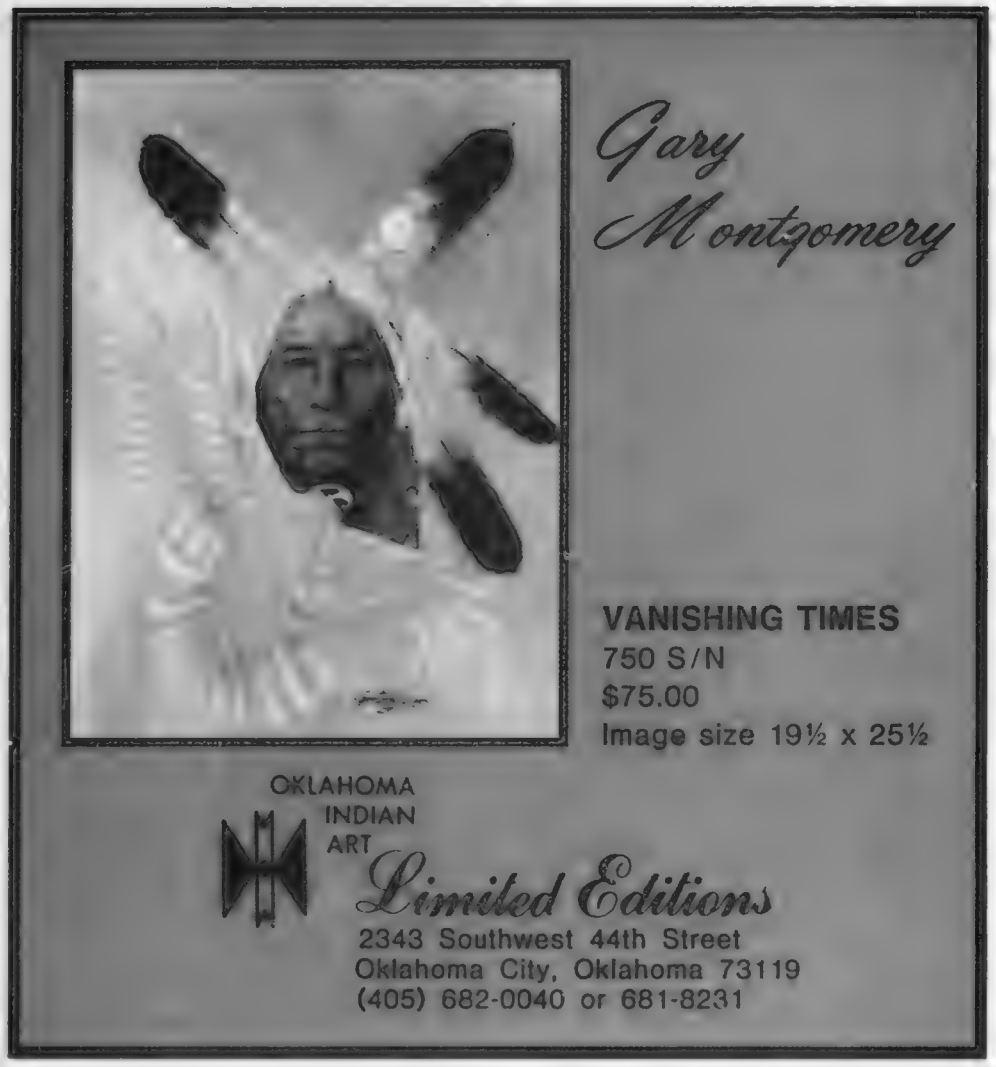

move to remove (wow) a few million acres from wilderness designation is the only way he sees to keep a promise made some time ago when he declared that "not one acre of *designated* wilderness land will be opened to oil or mineral exploration."

I'm surprised he wants to have Kuwait be one of the operators in the newly undesignated lands. Seems to me most of the Mid-East OPEC countries have relied on American, German, British, and to some extent, French companies to do the technical work in petroleum production. The Arab jewelry dealers who infested Arizona and New Mexico a while back got some prejudiced treatment from Indians and Indian traders alike. Arabs up in the Cowboy country will probably also have a rough time.

Gil Campbell
Editor/Publisher, Filter Press
Palmer Lake, Colorado

News reports inform us that Secretary Watt has recently reversed his decision made in January allowing Kuwait to purchase oil and gas leases on federal lands. Protests from the American public have apparently persuaded him to change his mind.–Ed.

In an apparent attempt to borrow support for your own viewpoint, you have implied that "outdoorsmen, cowboys, and conservationists" are foes of Watt's policies. I am all three . . . and, so far as land divestiture is concerned, I agree with selling off a lot of federal lands.

Those who have lived on the land and derived a livelihood from it may have more genuine and realistic concepts of conservation and land ownership than do those detached idealists who would characterize the sale of public property as "raids on public lands."

Stanley M. Searle
Walsenburg, Colorado

Pablo Neruda

Of the material in recent issues, I want to congratulate you particularly on the poems of Pablo Neruda, the great Chilean poet, and beyond that, to thank you for printing them both in the origi-

nal Spanish and in the English translation. This is a practice which makes poetry in translation infinitely richer, but I haven't seen it followed since the old days when W. W. Norton used to publish volumes of poetry in translation with the English on the right-hand side of the page and the original on the left.

Anne G. Biddle
Devon, Pennsylvania

Our West endangered

I have before me your November/December, 1982, issue of AMERICAN WEST magazine. On page 8 in Letters to the Editor, I note what is to me a disagreeable letter signed by somebody named Edward Abbey whom I have never heard of from a town of Oracle, Arizona, of which I have also never heard.

He is troubled by your editorial remarks. I would suggest he would be better served to keep his troubles to himself! Who is he and what right does he have to upset your judgement? . . . I do not think, as he states, the American West is under a massive attack by industrial greed and will ask his proof of same or at once published apology. . . .

He attacks publicly there James Watt as the perfect personification of all that is most corrupt and rotten in American life. He is wrong there and owes Mr. Watt and also what he states as his buddies an apology at once. . . .

Mr. Abbey goes on in his letter and accuses the copper industry of "dumping its poisonous filth into the public air while their political flunkies like Bruce Babbitt and those moral dwarfs [his words] in the state legislature continue to grovel at the industry's feet." I do not agree with him and ask for his at once full proof of same or his at once public apology. . . .

In some ways your magazine is getting too art and we are taking it for history and not art and we will ask you to stick to the historical content rather than art as we can take an art magazine if we desire such. Incidentally, I think your magazine is probably sent me as a member of the Western History Association rather than subscribing and

Continued on page 68

UNITED STATES TREASURY MINTING ERROR*

Creates Rare Collecting Opportunity

Actual Size of
Susan B. Anthony $1 Coin

THE FIRST SUCH OPPORTUNITY IN OVER 100 YEARS!

AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS MAY NEVER OCCUR AGAIN IN YOUR LIFETIME! It's the result of a most unpredictable turn of events. When the United States Mint first issued the Susan B. Anthony $1 coins in 1979, they never intended them to become rare coins for astute collectors or investors. But, since they stopped minting them in 1981, this is how it seems to be turning out.

Here is the story that makes the Susan B. Anthony coin a rarity. In 1979, The United States Mint produced millions of SBA coins for general circulation, and then found that no one wanted to use them. In 1980, they drastically curtailed the minting and in 1981, they did not mint any at all for general circulation.

What's so remarkable about this set? Consider these facts:

- These are most likely the last one dollar circulating coins the United States will ever issue.
- For every 75 Susan B. Anthony coins struck in 1979, the first year of minting, *only one* was minted in 1981, the third and final year of minting.
- This final 1981 minting was *never released* through banks to the public.
- Congress has debated whether they should order the U.S. Mint to melt down the remaining Susan B. Anthony coins.
- This may be the only complete "closed" coin issue you will ever be able to buy in your lifetime at this price.
- Susan B. Anthonys are undoubtedly one of the shortest lived American dollar coins ever minted.

LIMITED AVAILABILITY

The Washington, D.C. Columbia Mint has acquired a limited quantity of Susan B. Anthony coins in Brilliant Uncirculated condition and assembled them into complete nine-coin collections, consisting of one coin for each of the three years they were minted (1979, 1980, 1981) and from each of the only three mints (San Francisco, Denver and Philadelphia) that minted them. Each coin bears the individual mintmark S, D, or P of the mint that produced it. This unique collection is housed in a specially designed custom case. The case protects their value and provides an attractive display showcase as well as convenience for your safe-deposit box.

When our supply of the Brilliant Uncirculated nine-coin collector sets is depleted, this offer will automatically expire and any unfilled orders and remittances will be returned. We urge you to place your order immediately. We regret that we must restrict each individual order to a limit of three collections. This limit applies whether you are a collector or a professional dealer, ensuring the same opportunity for all. Do not delay, order today.

SIMILAR COIN WORTH $39,000! WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

The last time there was a similar collector opportunity was more than 100 years ago when 20-cent coins were minted in 1875, 1876, 1877 and 1878. The similarities between that 20-cent coin and the Susan B. Anthony coins are astounding. The old 20-cent piece was about the same size as a quarter. Consequently, the people rejected it—just like the Susan B. Anthony. Circulation quantities of the old 20-center were struck in large numbers only the first year—just like the Susan B. Anthony. Believe it or not, one of the old 20-cent coins recently sold for $39,000. Just think about the potential of the Susan B. Anthony coins for you.

Not only will these SBAs enrich your own collection, but they should become family heirlooms to be passed along to your children and your grandchildren.

Again, we must emphasize that our nine-coin collector sets are severely limited. These coins will never be minted again. We challenge you to try to assemble this complete nine-coin set yourself. Go to any bank and ask for a Brilliant Uncirculated Susan B. Anthony dollar from just one of the three years of minting and you will then quickly realize the opportunity you have. We strongly suggest—to avoid disappointment—that you not delay in ordering. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** If not completely pleased, return within 30 days for full refund.

***MINTING ERROR** The error that makes this a rarity? Take a quarter and lay it on the Susan B. Anthony pictured above. Note the similarity in size that turned out to be its problem. People refused to use it—perhaps you were one of them. When the U.S. Government became aware of this public rejection, they recognized that there had been an error in judgment. Susan B. Anthony coin minting ceased, destining the coins to collector status. *

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Albert Redder. Courtesy Baylor University Photo by Chris Hansen

Ice-Age skeletons. Courtesy Baylor University

Dr. John W. Fox. Courtesy Baylor University Photo by Chris Hansen

Exciting glimpse of Ice-Age man

In a cave near the Brazos River, a man and a boy were buried together with their heads pillowed on turtle shells. Help for their journey to the afterworld was placed beside them, including grinding tools and a bone needle, a piece of red ochre and a necklace of seashells. Then this pair and the contents of their grave disappeared in time for about ten thousand years.

On a hot summer day in 1970, amateur archeologists working with trowels found complete skeletons of these two Paleo-Indians at the Horn Rock Shelter site near Waco, Texas. For Albert Redder and Frank Watt the find was an undreamt-of reward after years of patient, week-end work digging and sifting. "We just happened to be at the right place at the right time," sixty-year-old Redder told AMERICAN WEST. Based on radiocarbon tests, archeologists believe these remains could be among the oldest ever discovered in the western hemisphere, dating back to the end of the Ice Age around 8,000 B.C.

Dr. John W. Fox, chairman of anthropology at Baylor University, publicly announced the Horn Rock Shelter discovery with Redder earlier this year. "The burial goods are at the very heart of the find," says Fox, "because they provide science's first systematic view of Ice-Age man's ideological or religious patterns." Charred bones of small game at the site also contribute to an emerging picture of these early Americans, previously regarded as primarily big-game hunters. "Heavy wear on the back teeth of the adult [skeleton] suggests a foraging way of life in which plant foods and small animals figured prominently in their diet," says Fox, who is conducting further work at the burial site.

Possible Land Sale. Legislation being prepared by the U.S. Agriculture Department recommends that six million acres of America's national forests be studied for possible sale. Overall, the potential sale represents 3.2 percent of the 190.8 million acres of public land managed by the U.S. Forest Service, department officials say. National forests in thirty-nine states could be affected. Officials state that no land would be sold until after an "intensive study" is made.

The Fabulous Phonograph. The Georgia-Pacific Historical Museum in Portland, Oregon, is displaying a special exhibit of vintage phonographs that enchanted Americans in the days before radio and television. Assembled from ten private collections, "The Fabulous Phonograph" traces the history of the talking machine from 1877 to the advent of electrical recording in 1925. While listening to background music from original cylinders and discs, visitors can study a working replica of Thomas Edison's 1877 model, which operated by hand-cranking a small cylinder covered with tinfoil. The exhibit ends June 3.

Adventure in Armor. On April 30, 1983, four riders attired like sixteenth-century knights set out from Awatovi on the Hopi Indian Reservation, with gold doublets, red trunk hose, chainmail coats, and visored

(Continued on page 71)

PRESERVED IN BRONZE

Two kindred Spirits met on a train headed for New York, both prepared to try their luck in the big city. Charlie Russell and Will Rogers quickly became loyal patriots. Each one creating a lasting impression upon the other.

Will Rogers, master of the art of verbal entertainment, paid tribute to Charlie Russell by calling him one of the most accomplished storytellers in America. Cowboy Charlie used his talented hands to create a bronze sculpture, immortalizing his friend.

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The Seven D Ranch

by Laura Neuhaus Pew

Wyoming's Sunlight Basin is a high valley near the Montana border, so named because the air is remarkably clear, and the mountains and grasslands gather and hold the light. There is not much to interfere with the stillness and the light: nothing but a few ranches, clear streams, and an abundance of mountain wildlife.

The easiest access to Sunlight is from Cody, some fifty miles away, over Dead Indian Pass where the first homesteaders followed the great seasonal migrations of elk and deer. Some say Chief Joseph fled over this pass with his band of Nez Percé in 1877, trying to escape the United States Cavalry. Others say the group probably hid in Dead Indian Canyon until the Cavalry had gone by, then made their way along the creek to the point where it joins Sunlight Creek, and escaped out Clark's Fork.

The Seven D Ranch is in the Sunlight Basin, on a road that dead-ends in the Shoshone National Forest, about fifty miles east of Yellowstone Park. The Shoshone was the first area in this country to be named a national forest. The Seven D abuts the forest, with vast pastures where the ranch horses are turned out every night to run and graze.

The ranch itself is a cozy haven in the midst of all that magnificent wilderness. The main building stood unchanged for years before the Dominick family opened the Seven D as a guest ranch, but a few seasons of weekly square dances battered the living-room floor nearly into the ground. With a recently rebuilt floor and ceiling, the lodge now looks as if it would last forever. The living room is a collage of books and Indian artifacts, with sofas, easy chairs, and a piano tucked in among them.

Guests stay in log cabins, either in the trees along a spring-fed stream, or bordering the grassy space used for weekend gymkhanas. The cabins have fireplaces or wood-burning stoves, and most have screened porches. Some have Indian rugs on the floors.

A day at the ranch begins with breakfast in the dining room of the main lodge. Sometimes there are pancakes with sausage, sometimes eggs and bacon, but there are always big loaves of homemade bread and rounds of golden butter churned from ranch cream. The guests have the benefit of fresh milk and heavy cream, too.

Morning rides begin shortly after breakfast. There are usually two or three to choose from. Sometimes there are a few experienced riders who want a long and difficult excursion, or perhaps a group of less experienced but highly enthusiastic eleven- or twelve-year-olds who want lots of galloping, but there is always at least one ride for those who are keen mentally but timid physically. This last group is often the one that seems to find the oldest homestead in the valley, or to search out the one hillside still covered with late raspberries.

There is always an element of chance, too, in that no one can say which group may be the one to come upon a mother elk with her calf, or surprise a moose, or perhaps see bear. In two weeks at the ranch most of our family saw all of those animals, and one of the wranglers pointed out most of the native birds to us as well.

Even aside from the wildlife, the scenery alone would make the horseback outings worthwhile. During our stay we often rode through forests, making a gradual ascent to bluffs where we could look down on creeks with sparkling gravel bars, or out to Screaming Woman rock, or across green meadows to sun-flecked mountains beyond.

Once a week there are all-day rides, with excursions to high and remote places that seemed to look out over time as well as space. On one such ridge we could see all the way to the Beartooth Mountains in Montana.

Ranch life is satisfyingly simple. There are morning and afternoon rides for those who want them, and numerous creeks and streams for fishing. Our eight-year-old caught his first trout about fifty yards downstream from the ranch. There are paths for hiking, and there are sunny, silent afternoons for reading or napping.

Dinner is a high point of the day, when everyone gathers to recount the day's adventures and dig into the excellent ranch food. It is hearty fare like fried chicken, elk stew, or roast beef, with an occasional surprise such as chicken and broccoli crepes. Everything is wonderfully prepared and accompanied by homegrown vegetables and salads and freshly baked bread.

The weekly breakfast rides at the Seven D are an exceptional treat. Imagine a glade in the woods filled with campfires, pots of coffee and cocoa, and huge pans of scrambled eggs, potatoes, fried trout, and tender scallops of elk meat. Horses are tied in the trees, and riders hurry to tables laden with fresh fruit, muffins, and the ever present loaves of homemade bread. Some people sit on fallen logs, others on a soft layer of pine duff. For gourmet or gourmand, and for anyone with a romantic nature, it is the stuff dreams are made of.

The Seven D has been owned and operated by the Dominick family for twenty-four years. Dewey and Lee Dominick ran the ranch for most of that time, and established a wonderful atmosphere of camaraderie, laughter, and energetic participation. Doc Dewey died a year ago, depriving western Wyoming of one of its most memorable and entertaining characters, as well as one of its more stalwart advocates of conservation. Lee now runs the ranch in partnership with her son and daughter-in-law, Marshall and Jane Dominick.

A stay at the Seven D is expensive, but the rates include all meals and the use of a well-trained horse. For information, contact Mrs. DeWitt Dominick, Box 100, Cody, Wyoming 82414. The phone is (307) 587-3185 in Cody, or (307) 587-3997 at the ranch.

Laura Neuhaus Pew *is the restaurant critic for the* Tucson Citizen.

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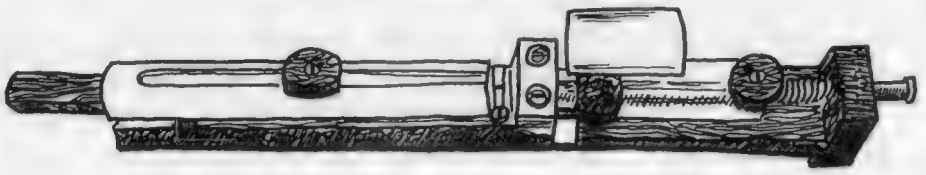

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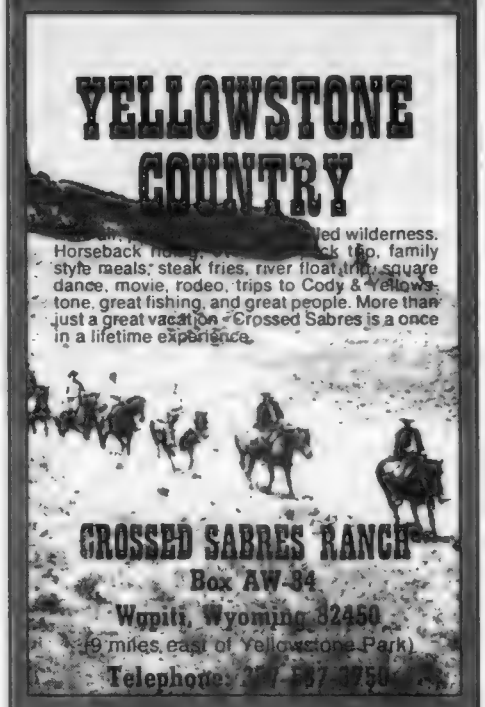
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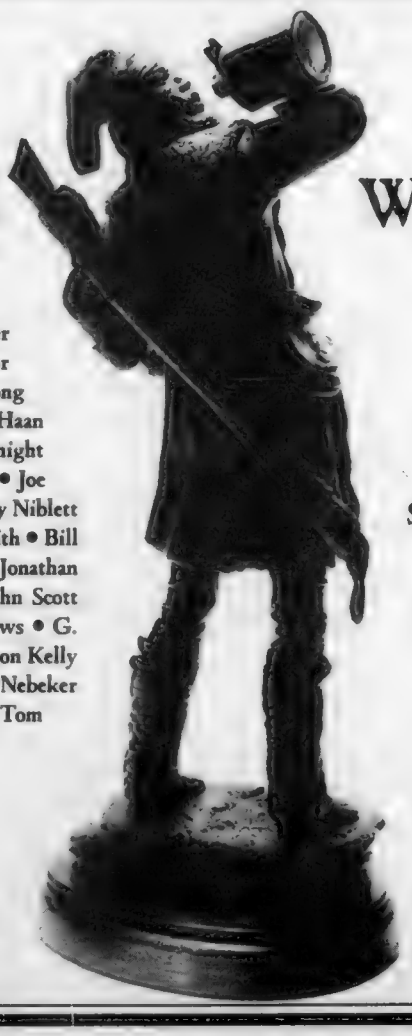

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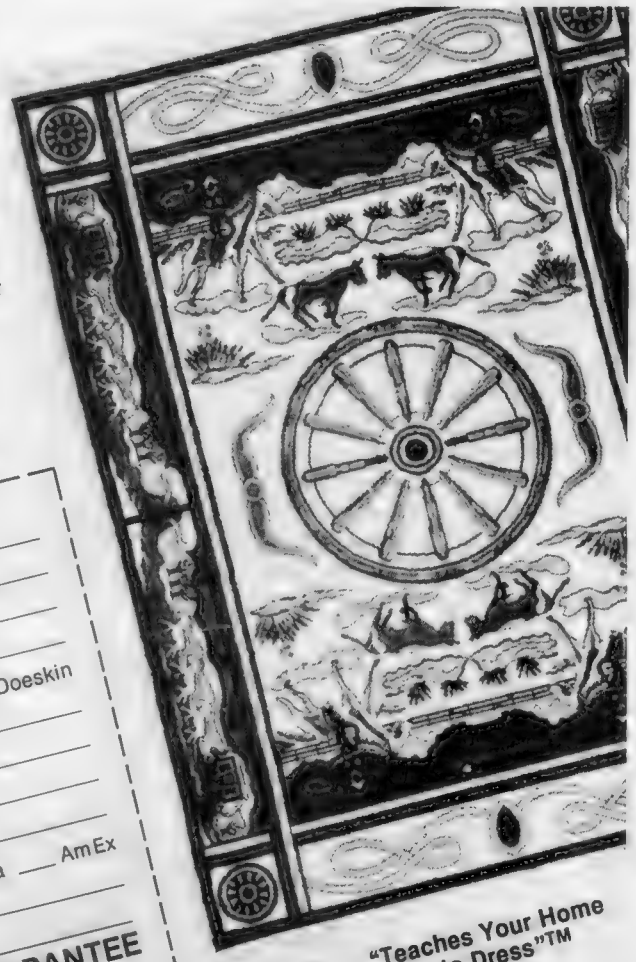

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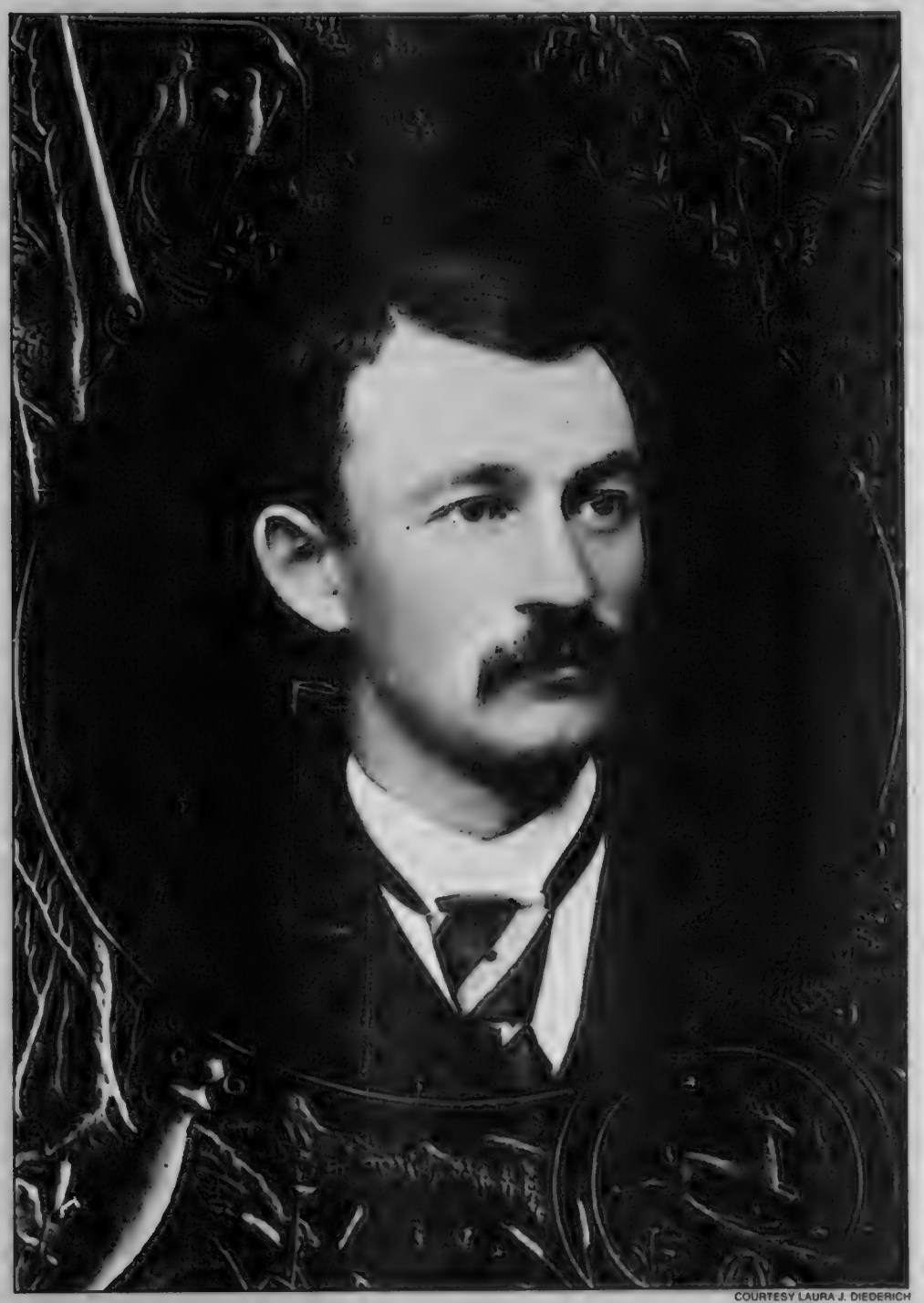

COURTESY LAURA J. DIEDERICH

Yen for gold and fame brought dunking in the Grand River

by William E. Shute

William E. Shute, my great-grandfather, was a frontiersman. He was born in Champlain, New York, in 1860 and began his westward experiences in 1877 during the height of the rich silver strikes in Colorado.

The memoirs that W. E. Shute wrote encompass his sixty years on the frontier and include his experiences as a miner, rancher, Indian scout, Alaskan gold-rusher, city marshal, and entrepreneur, as well as discerning vignettes of colorful people he knew and loved.

Firsthand history seen through the eyes of one so keen and wise gives us a new sense of what life was truly like in frontier days.

The following story is an excerpt just as W. E. Shute wrote it.

—Laura Diederich

This portrait of William E. Shute was taken in the early 1890s, several years after the adventure he recounts here.

IN THE SPRING OF 1886 WHILE CAMPED ON THE BANKS of the Grand River in the state of Colorado, where the city of Glenwood Springs is now located, an old hunter and prospector drifted into my camp one evening and proceeded to absorb some of the heat from my campfire, which had a tendency to thaw out his vocal machinery to the extent of his relating to me some of his experiences. Among them was a story of how he had assisted Lieutenant Powell in outfitting for his trip through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Up to that time, no one had ever made the trip and come out alive. [See "James White: First through the Grand Canyon?" AMERICAN WEST, November/December, 1982.]

His dramatic story of Lieutenant Powell's trip interested me to such an extent, that I suggested to my partner that we try the same "stunt" as the Lieutenant who had made the trip and come out all in "one piece," and we might do as well.

At first my partner demurred to the scheme, but as I explained to him: If we got through okay our fortune would be made, as we might strike a gold mine in the canyon and find nuggets as big as nail kegs, or we might sell the story to the *Geographic Magazine*, or give lectures on our experience. And if we didn't get through in one piece, we would not have the trouble of collecting any nuggets, or selling the story, or doing any lecturing, as the little fishes would be playing tag with us down in Davy Jones's locker, and the fame that we had anticipated would fade into thin air or go glimmering down the muddy waters of the Colorado.

After due consideration on the part of my partner, when the above arguments had been absorbed by his think-box, he decided that the proposition looked favorable and agreed to accompany me.

Sitting around the campfire and smoking the "pipe of peace," my partner and I held a "council of war" to discuss ways and means for the proposed expedition. It was decided that we would first build a boat, which we did. Our boat was about fourteen feet long and three feet wide, made of planks, with a flat bottom. Instead of a rudder we used paddles and a long pole to steer with. To give the craft more buoyancy and also act as a buffer against the rocks, we lashed a log about eight inches in diameter on each side of the boat.

The craft now completed, we surveyed it to our satisfaction and pronounced it seaworthy. We next proceeded to take on cargo, which consisted of grub, bedding, cooking tools, rifle, gold pan, and several minor articles. We were now ready to hoist anchor, cast off, and float down the river which would have been very pleasant if the river had been halfway decent like most rivers. We were on our way to where we didn't exactly know, but our itinerary was as follows: down the Grand River to the Green River, thence to the Colorado River, but our itinerary didn't work out according to schedule, for within a half hour after we pushed off we contacted an eight or ten foot fall in the river (we didn't stop to measure it), and as our boat went over it, we went also.

I do not know how deep the water was, but if we had not been filled with hot air, we probably would have been there yet. As it was, we came to the surface and spied a rope that was tied to the boat. The boat was bottom-side-up. We grabbed the rope and pulled ourselves up on top of the boat. Our grub, blankets, etcetera, were at the bottom of the river, and we did not stop to get them as we had left our diving suits in cold storage. We floated down the river atop the bottom of the boat, looking like two toads on a chip. I managed to get a piece of board that was floating on the surface, and paddled the boat near shore. My partner jumped and caught some brush on the bank and pulled himself to terra firma. When he jumped, he pushed the boat out into the stream again. As I was only a half mile or so from a canyon, the water was very swift, and I could see the white foam rising several feet in the air, as the water beat against the boulders.

No living thing could go through that canyon and come out alive, but I was always lucky. A railroad was being constructed on the left bank of the river, and the company had put a steel cable across the stream for the purpose of operating a ferry boat to transfer materials from one side of the river to the other. I saw that cable when I got within about one-hundred yards of it. I was traveling at about the speed of a race horse, but I stood up on the flat bottom of the boat, and when I came under the cable, I grabbed it. My boat went out from under me and left me hanging in mid-air. It was no easy position, as I had on a heavy woolen shirt, a pair of soaking wet woolen pants, $75 in silver in my hip pockets, a belt of cartridges, and a heavy six-shooter. I tried to get the silver out of my pockets, but could not. I also tried to loose my belt and gun, but it was no go. As I could use only one hand, the other hanging to the cable, I squirmed around and got the cable under my arms, and hung there. Several hundred men working on the railroad stood on the bank watching, expecting me to drop into the swiftly running river and disappear forever, but I fooled them as I was still lucky.

My thanks to that ferryman who took in the situation at a glance and started his ferry boat out to where I was hanging. That was when I had to do some quick work. The iron pulleys running on the steel cable to hold the boat were coming to where I had my arms hooked over the cable, and if they caught my arms they would cut them off. So I had to unhook one of my arms and grab the rope that ran from the pulley to the boat and then slide down the rope to the boat where a dozen hands grabbed me and pulled me on board.

I was safe, but the next time that I go sailing, it will be on the hurricane deck of a bronco.

After landing on solid ground once more the first thing to be done was to build a fire in order to dry out, as my partner and I were soaking wet from stem to stern. After getting dried out, we then hoofed it back to our old camping ground at Glenwood Springs, where we arrived with only the clothes on our backs, as all our earthly possessions were at the bottom of the river. But we were lucky again. We met an old hunter and trapper who wished to sell his outfit, and as I had $75 in silver, a deal was quickly consummated, which gave us a new start in life.

Laura J. Diederich, *who lives in Altadena, California, is preparing a book based on "My Sixty Years on the Frontier," the memoirs of her great-grandfather, William E. Shute.*

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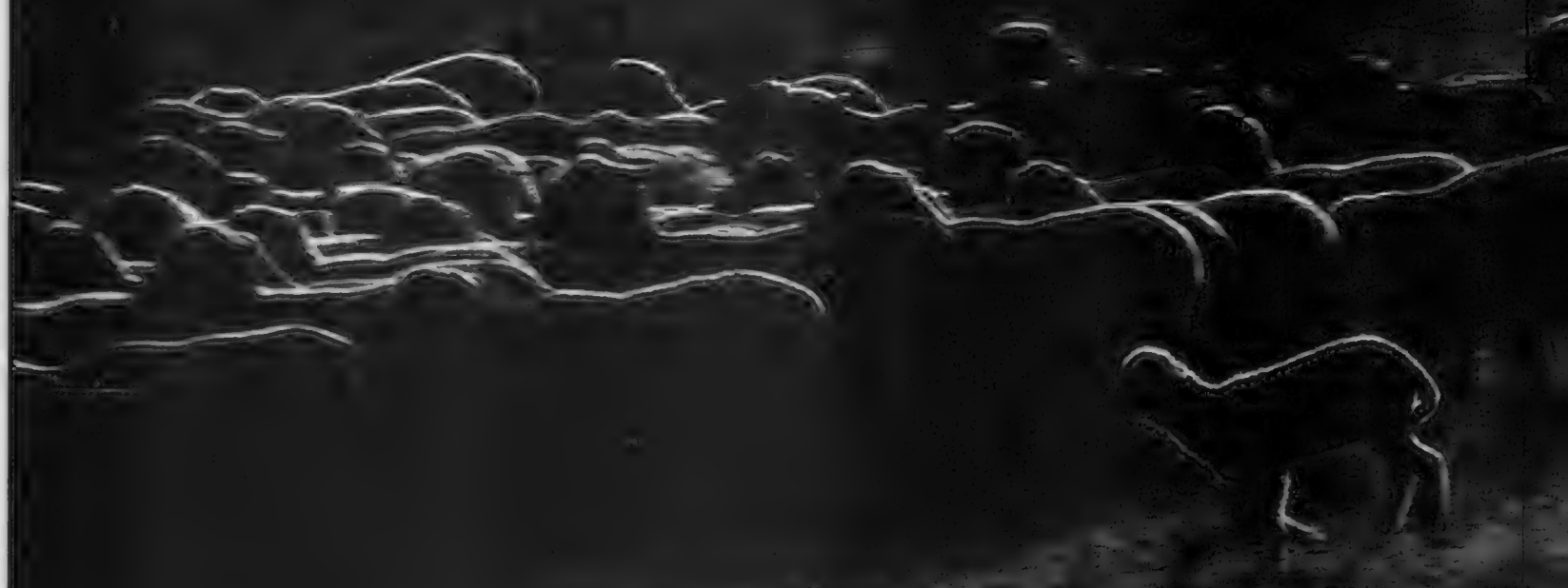

Taking the high road in Basque tradition

by Carol Ann Bassett
photographs by the author

MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE MOUNTAINS THEIR HOME have a way of remembering every subtle feature of the land around them. Engraved in their memories are the details: the music of the wind, the colors in the distant horizon, the rocks and trees, and almost to the exact day, when the rains begin and the wild grasses appear. As José Aguerrebere stood on the banks of the Verde River watching an unbroken white line of sheep moving north, he remembered when these Arizona hills were covered with sheep. His eyes, red from the wind and dust, scanned terrain he had traveled for twenty-two years. He recalled the days when one-hundred-thousand sheep, herded by muscular young Basques, crossed this same river. He could still picture the pack burros, laden with crates of wine, plodding over rangelands little touched by man.

José belongs to a tradition of Basque sheepherders in the West that began more than one hundred years ago. He is head herder for Manterola Sheep Company of Casa Grande—the last Basque sheep ranch in Arizona that still drives sheep each spring to mountain grasslands in the northern part of the state. Born in the Basque province of Navarra, Spain, José spent his early days on the misted foothills of the Pyrenees, helping herd his family's small flock of milk sheep. In 1960 at the age of twenty-six, he came to America, seeking his fortune, like hundreds of other young Basques, in the lonely mountains and deserts of the West.

A determined people able to endure hardship and loneliness, the Basques represent an ancient race whose language and origins are tinged with mystery. Some scholars believe the Basques descended from the Upper Paleolithic culture that created the cave paintings at Lascaux and Altamira. Called the *Euskaldunak* in their language, the Basques distinguished themselves as whalers and explorers, often sailing uncharted waters. "In the initial voyage of Columbus, the flagship, the *Santa María,* was Basque-owned and manned, and the crew of the *Niña* was largely Basque," explain William A. Douglass and Jon Bilbao in their book *Amerikanuak.*

In the 1850s, Basques joined the international rush to the California gold fields, where the demand for fresh meat in the mining camps promoted sheep raising on the open range.

Carrying his crook, the lone figure of Basque herder José Aguerrebere moves among his flock on a dusty mesa. Twenty-two years of guiding sheep over Arizona trails have taught this dedicated shepherd every turn and every danger on the way to grassy pastures in the north.

Many Basques never returned to their homes in Spain and South America. Hired on by sheep ranchers, some of these herders acquired enough ewes as part of their pay to begin flocks of their own. These Basques settled in the mountains and deserts of many Western states.

In the spring of 1982, I joined José Aguerrebere and two of his herders at the Verde River near Cottonwood, Arizona. Along with seven pack burros and two sheep dogs, the men had been on the trail for ten days, driving 2,200 sheep from Cordes Junction near Prescott toward the Woody Mountain corrals near Flagstaff, about 120 miles of trail away. Now the herders settled beneath a cottonwood tree for a midday meal of beans and salt pork, potato and egg salad, and large slices of Basque bread. I would travel with them for ten days of the journey, along the Beaverhead–Grief Hill Trail from high desert, through piñon and juniper forests and ponderosa woodlands, to the lush mountain grasslands of our destination.

Driving the sheep across the Verde River was no easy chore. First the herders led the pack burros to a point called Sheep Crossing. Several leader-ewes wearing small bells followed. While the men whistled and waved their arms, the barking sheep dogs circled the flock and pushed it toward the river. Soon the burros and the first of the timid ewes forded the chilly waters and headed for the canyons ahead.

From our hillside camp that first night, we heard the bells of the burros, hobbled but wandering nearby in search of fresh green leaves on low-hanging branches. As the last flames of the campfire died down with the wind, and the gasoline lantern was snuffed out for the night, the long black outlines of the mesas rose up like sleeping giants. On a mountainside to the south, the old mining town of Jerome appeared in shimmering lights.

By morning a myriad of sounds pierced the desert silence—the bleating of ewes, the bells of the leaders, the wistful cries of lambs separated from their mothers, the barking of sheep dogs, and the men's shrill whistles. Once on the trail, which runs through national forest lands, the sheep moved apart to graze on blue grama, red bromegrass, and tiny wild flowers and forbs, flourishing from recent rains.

A HISTORIC TRADITION THAT MAY SOON be only a memory, the sheep drive serves several purposes. It saves feeding costs for sheep-owner Joe Manterola, strengthens the ewes on the trail, and helps acclimate them to the cool mountain prairies where, during summer months, they are likely to breed. Infertility is common among sheep in hot, arid climates. To meet this problem, ranchers began driving their herds over Arizona's rugged trails to breed in the north about one hundred years ago. The opportunity that once drew thousands of young Basques to America, however, is disappearing. Sheep ranchers across the West are abandoning the trails and turning to smaller farm flocks as expanding urban development steadily swallows the Western range.

In 1934 the Taylor Grazing Act closed public lands to itinerant herders. Grazing districts were established, and land-leasing agreements were required for use of the range. Consequently, many sheep ranchers stopped relying on transhumance, the seasonal movement of sheep between lowland and mountain pastures. Without the access to public lands that they had formerly enjoyed, the number of Basque sheepherders dwindled in the West. Now Peruvian and Mexican herders take their place, as modern Basques choose factory jobs at home over trailing sheep in America.

Mexican nationals Manuel Orozco and Jesús Escarsega are herders on this drive. Under contract to the Western Range Association, the men are permitted to work in the United States for three years. After that, they can either renew their contracts, apply for permanent residency, or return to their families in Mexico.

One day during the *sesteo* (the Basque word for the sheep's midday rest), Joe Manterola arrived at camp in his pickup with fresh supplies and letters from home. For hours the herders rested against trees, reading and re-reading the letters that had come from their wives.

A second generation Basque, Manterola has worked with sheep since his father bought the ranch in Casa Grande in 1945. Like other Arizona sheepmen, he is concerned about changes in the industry—the rising cost of labor, the shortage of skilled workers, the higher grazing costs, and the deflated prices of wool and lamb. Last year he ran approximately

4,000 sheep on the trail, this year about half that number. But Manterola insists, "As long as I own sheep, we will continue to make the drive."

Other Basques such as Jean Etchamendy have had to give up the drive altogether. Born in the French-Basque country, Jean emigrated to Arizona in 1949 at the age of nineteen. In 1978 labor problems centering on a shortage of skilled herders forced him to sell his sheep. But, says his wife, Louisa, "He couldn't live without them. Work is his whole life." In 1981 he bought a new flock, but the days of open-range herding had ended for a man who followed the trail for thirty years. Like most other sheep ranchers, Jean now trucks his ewes north from the Phoenix area to his ranch near St. Johns, Arizona. "He misses the trail," says Louisa. "He says it was the one time during the year that he could meditate and feel close to God."

One morning we came to an old sheep camp hidden in a mesquite thicket. The only sign that the herders had been there last spring was the bleached jawbone of a sheep, partially covered by tall grasses. José knelt on a sheepskin, his

(Opposite) *Converging on the rocky shore, the band of 2,200 sheep hesitantly fords the chilly waters of the Verde River and continues on the trail toward Flagstaff. Not much progress is made the day of the crossing due to the cumbersome weight of the animals' damp fleece.* (Above) *With two feisty sheep dogs clearly in control, the flock pours through an underpass below Interstate 17. Each year civilization creeps closer to Arizona's historic sheep trails.* (Below) *Manuel Orozco, a herder from the Mexican state of Michoacán, carefully tightens the girth on a pack burro as he has done a hundred times. Using the blue wooden frame as a brace, he will rope on supplies, and then cover the entire load with a canvas. Pack burros are persnickety; herders must be sure to distribute the weight evenly on their backs.*

arms covered with flour to the elbow as he kneaded dough for a fresh loaf of bread. The dough was placed in a large dutch oven to rise in the sun, then baked on a deep bed of coals. Manuel led one of the burros down to Beaverhead Creek to fill the wooden barrels. On the mesa below, Jesús and the two Australian sheep dogs tended the grazing flock.

Later that evening, José slaughtered a lamb. First he sharpened his pocket knife. Then he washed his hands, an old tradition done out of respect for the animal. As he held the lamb gently by the nose, his blade moved quickly across the animal's throat. There was little noise, except for the air escaping from the lungs. For José, who has slaughtered hundreds of lambs just as his father and grandfather did before him, this act was a celebration of life. The evening meal was a feast of fresh meat, liver, kidneys, and heart, with Basque bread washed down by steaming coffee.

Around the campfire that night the conversation turned to loneliness on the trail. "When a man has a family he spends all of his time worrying about them," said Manuel in Spanish. "It's much harder to work when your thoughts are always so far away." Each month Manuel sends the bulk of his $600 paycheck home to his wife and ten children in the Mexican state of Michoacán. Jesús, who like Manuel, may not see his wife and five children for the next three years, nodded in agreement. "It may take a long time before we can save enough money to go home," he said. José, still unmarried at the age of forty-nine, remarked, "It is much easier to work on the sheep trail if a man is single. For me, loneliness is not so much of a problem. The mountains are my home." Throughout the history of sheep ranching in the West, herders have struggled with the psychological strain of solitude. Basques have their own words for men who have gone over the edge, words like "sheeped" or "sage-brushed."

LONELINESS AND INSANITY HAVE NOT BEEN THE ONLY dangers that threatened herders. There were bears to contend with in the forests, rattlesnakes in the desert. Mountain lions and coyotes preyed on the lambs and dragged them off the trail. Besides the problem of predators, there was prejudice. Land-owning ranchers commonly held itinerant sheepherders in low esteem. Before laws restricted the use of public lands, the territories of cattlemen and sheepmen overlapped. Cattlemen protested that sheep were destroying rangeland by overgrazing. They also claimed that cattle would not drink from water holes soiled by sheep. During the range wars, lone sheepherders were sometimes murdered by gangs of masked riders or dragged from cowboys' ropes until bloody. The herders' dogs were burned alive, and the sheep stampeded into ravines.

Seventy-seven-year-old sheep-rancher Frank Auza (who joined us on the last day of the drive) remembered sharing the scattered water holes with cattlemen back in the 1920s when more than a million sheep crossed the state. "The cattle, they used to stand right in the middle of the tank, and they drank the water and pissed in it, too. Sometimes we had to drink that water. Even if we boiled it we could still taste that piss the next morning." Auza, who moved to Arizona from Navarra, Spain, at the age of ten, said that the Flagstaff area in the 1920s was surrounded by logging camps, and the hills were emerald green with alfalfa and clover. Those same hills, he pointed out, are now so overrun by jack pines that the sun never penetrates through to the ground.

One morning the herders left camp before sunrise to round up four sheep that were lame from walking over cacti and sharp rocks. While they singled out the injured ewes, the burros wandered into camp and nuzzled the sack of potatoes. "Burros, burros!" cried Manuel, his arms flying as he raced up the hill to salvage the scattered spuds. Later during the drive, José handed me his *makila* (Basque for walking stick) and asked me to "push the donkeys a little bit" while he showed Manuel where to set up the night's camp. For the uninitiated, this task can be an exercise in futility. The female burro and her seven-month-old colt, Mona, had strayed off to bury their noses in green patches of grass. The others had wandered off toward the trees. The task: to drive them together and keep them moving in a straight line. The men returned just as I threw my hands up in despair and sat down

on a tree stump. "What happened?" asked José, laughing and slapping me on the back. He explained that driving burros is like driving sheep; you have to walk *behind* them to make them go in a straight line. "Same family, donkeys and sheep," he said, still grinning.

On the way to the corrals at Woody Mountain on the last day of the drive, José pointed out names and messages to Basques etched into metal signs along the trail. One from the 1960s read: *Viva España y nuestras mujeres. Saludos compañeros y buen verano.* Long live Spain and our women (back home). Welcome friends and have a good summer.

In the afternoon at Woody Mountain outside Flagstaff, our 2,200 sheep were penned in corrals. The long trek had been accomplished without one sheep being lost or carried off by predators. The few lambs on the journey were separated from their mothers, their tails cut off, their ears clipped with a registered brand mark, and the young males castrated. The ewes were trucked about fifteen miles west to the high grasslands of Garland Prairie, where they would breed with corn-fattened rams. Come fall, the pregnant ewes would be

(Opposite, above) *At the sheep ranch in Casa Grande, José Aguerrebere kneels beside a day-old lamb that has been rejected by its mother. To give the wobbly newborn a scent that will be accepted, José tenderly fits it with a "jacket" from the skin of a lamb that died. Usually, the mother of the dead lamb can be coaxed into caring for the familiar-smelling replacement.* (Opposite, below) *When a ewe does not produce enough milk, herders sometimes have to help with nursing. This sickly lamb eagerly drinks a mixture of condensed milk and warm water from a Coors bottle, held at just the right angle by Manuel Orozco. Born in November at the Casa Grande ranch, this lamb shows the markings of its black-faced father who roamed the pastures at Garland Prairie.* (Above) *José Aguerrebere and his hard-working companion Pastor take a well-deserved break at midday. "If you treat a dog the right way, he will be your friend for life," says the forty-nine-year-old herder who learned his trade on the foothills of the Pyrenees.*

With early morning sunlight dancing on their backs, the sheep cross a pine forest in Arizona high country about three days from the end of the trail. This gentle white army marches with heads down for better traction over the sloping ground. The backs of the animals bear paint marks indicating ownership by Manterola Sheep Company. Despite the difficulty of the terrain, not one sheep was lost in the wilds: a tribute to the wariness of herders and dogs.

trucked back to Manterola's ranch in Casa Grande.

After lambing season, the flock would once again be ready for the long trail-drive north. José Aguerrebere would saddle the pack burros and buy a new pair of boots. He would walk with his *makila*—the symbol of a past era—into the same hills, camp under the same trees.

But now, the solitary figure of the Basque sheepherder appeared on the horizon behind the moving band of sheep. A light breeze rose over Garland Prairie, rustled the grasses, and then died down. In the distance, the music of the bells faded away into silence.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Sweet Promised Land (1957) by Robert Laxalt and *Amerikanuak: Basques in the New World* (1975) by William A. Douglass and Jon Bilbao provide historical perspective on the Basques. See also William A. Douglass, "The Vanishing Basque Sheepherder," in AMERICAN WEST, July/August 1980.

Carol Ann Bassett *traveled seventy-five miles of the sheep trail on foot to write and photograph this story for* AMERICAN WEST. *Her work has appeared in* Time Magazine, *the* New York Times, *and the* Los Angeles Times. *Her interest in the Basques began when she lived in Spain.*

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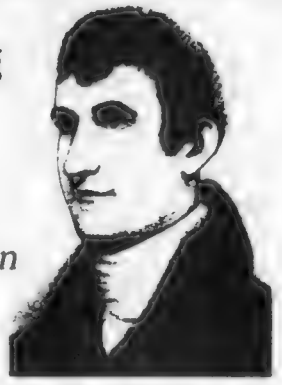

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The blood of Abel

Murder most foul and justice most swift in frontier Idaho

by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

RUNNING EASTWARD FROM ELK CITY, IDAHO, through the silent, majestic wilds of the Bitterroot Mountains is an unpaved road, buried much of the year in snow and little-traveled even in summer. It follows an ancient Nez Perce Indian trail from the South Fork of the Clearwater River across the formidable country at the base of Idaho's panhandle toward the Bitterroot Valley in Montana. Winding for much of its way along the rugged divide between the Clearwater's Selway Fork and the Salmon River, the road leads through deep forests of tamarack, firs, and cedar bent with the weight of many snows, over wind-swept knobs, and past serrated ridges and dark and forbidding canyons.

Near one such canyon, some forty-three miles east of Elk City, looms a landmark, Magruder Mountain, named for the principal victim of a grisly crime committed 120 years ago at this lonesome site. The annals of the early West are filled with tales of brutal killings, and it is not remarkable that the story of the murder of Lloyd Magruder and his companions is forgotten today—even by local Idaho travelers who use the road—as are most of the rest of the tales. But when the crime at Magruder Mountain took place in October 1863, the newly created Territory of Idaho was rocked not only by the gruesome details of the murders, but by the sensational, almost unbelievable way in which the killers were detected and brought to justice. In that part of the story, the case is unique.

The murders occurred during the tumultuous period of the Idaho and Montana gold rushes. Like many other men, Lloyd Magruder, who was born and raised in Montgomery County, Maryland, came to Idaho to seek his fortune as a miner. After considerable success, he turned to business and became prominent as a merchant and trader in the towns of Lewiston and Elk City, typical mining centers of log huts, frame buildings, tents, and canvas shacks. From time to time, Magruder packed his mules with provisions and other supplies needed by Idaho miners and journeyed to various diggings in the mountains, doing a thriving business and becoming as well known throughout the Salmon River mining country as he was in Lewiston and Elk City.

In March 1863, Idaho was organized as a Territory. Later that year Magruder, a Southern sympathizer, was nominated by the Democrats as territorial delegate to Congress. Meanwhile, a gold rush started at Bannack, across the Bitterroot Mountains in present-day Montana, and in August, Magruder packed a large assortment of merchandise and miners' supplies on some sixty mules, intending to do business at the new mines, isolated in the interior, 300 miles from Lewiston. It would be a long, hard journey over the Old Nez Perce trail through wild, unsettled country, but with the help of several hired men, Magruder expected to make the round trip in less than three months and be back in Lewiston before heavy snows blocked his mountain route.

After saying goodbye to his family, Magruder paid farewell visits to a few close friends. Among those on whom he called was Hill Beachy, the popular owner of the Luna House, a hotel in Lewiston. Beachy behaved strangely. He was a warm friend of Magruder and seemed overly worried about the merchant's safety. He urged Magruder to be on his guard along the trail and gave him a gun to take with him. There were a number of things, however, that Beachy did not tell him.

Beachy knew it was common knowledge in Lewiston that Magruder was making the trip and taking with him a fortune in merchandise. Lewiston and the entire mining region, Beachy also knew, were full of toughs, desperadoes, and drifters who might not be above waylaying Magruder and robbing him of his goods, once he got in the wilderness beyond the law of the settlements. The hotelkeeper had brooded about the matter. A couple of days before Magruder departed, his danger had suddenly become an obsession with Beachy when he noticed three rough-looking travelers, newly arrived in Lewiston, and overheard one of them mention Magruder's name. The strangers, who (Beachy thought) behaved suspiciously, went by the names of D. C. Lowry, David or "Doc" Howard (it was later learned that his real name was Renton), and James Romaine. Though there was nothing to confirm fears about them, Magruder's peril now preyed so heavily on his mind that Beachy had a vivid dream that night in which he saw the stranger Lowry attack Magruder at a camp in the mountains and kill him with an ax. The next day, Beachy told his wife and a few friends about the dream, but they laughed it off and counseled him not to alarm Magruder by relating it to him. Though Beachy felt foolish and, following their advice, did not say anything to Magruder about his dream or his suspicions of the three strangers, he was deeply concerned as he bade farewell to his friend.

MAGRUDER AND HIS PACKERS TOOK OFF with their heavily laden mule string. Proceeding at a rate of ten to

MAP DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY PHOTO BY TOM EMMENS

Against a picture of the murder scene, we trace the route of the unfortunate Lloyd Magruder from Lewiston east to the Montana mines. Magruder met his death on the return journey at the hands of rogues who took his gold.

fifteen miles a day, they eventually passed Elk City and the last of the mining camps and entered the wilderness portion of the Nez Perce trail. Meanwhile, several days after Magruder left Lewiston, the three suspicious-looking men who had worried Beachy gave out the impression that they were leaving for Portland and started off in that direction on horseback. Shortly afterward, however—as was later revealed—they turned about and, circling Lewiston, followed the route that Magruder had taken. Somewhere along the way, they were joined by four or five other men, who seem to have been innocent travelers with no prior connection to the original trio. One of them was an elderly miner and trapper named Willam Page, who said he could guide them across the mountains, and the other three or four were apparently reputable miners, well known in Lewiston, who were simply bound for the Montana mines.

A few days short of Bannack, the seven or eight horsemen overtook Magruder's packtrain. All of them were friendly and gave Magruder no reason to be suspicious of them. In fact, the merchant and his packers had been having difficulties driving their long string of mules, and when the newcomers—one or two of whom Magruder had known in Lewiston—offered to help him in return for grub, Magruder accepted, and the two groups traveled the rest of the way together.

Bannack gave them a temporary disappointment. Rich strikes had been made farther east at Alder Gulch and Virginia City, and most of the miners had deserted Bannack for the new diggings. With scarcely a pause, Magruder and his companions went on to Virginia City, finding it already a bustling and prosperous center of several thousand people. Magruder set up his camp and had no trouble attracting

Page watched with horror while the murderers searched the bodies, taking whatever valuables they found.

customers who were willing to pay high prices for his merchandise. In a short time, he sold all his goods and took in approximately $30,000 in gold dust and coin. The miners from Lewiston, as well as all of Magruder's hired men, had left him to try their luck at the placers, but the elderly Page had stayed with him, helping at the tent store, and Lowry and his two companions had remained at Virginia City, frequenting saloons and gambling tables and hanging around daily at Magruder's camp, continuing to act friendly and to ingratiate themselves.

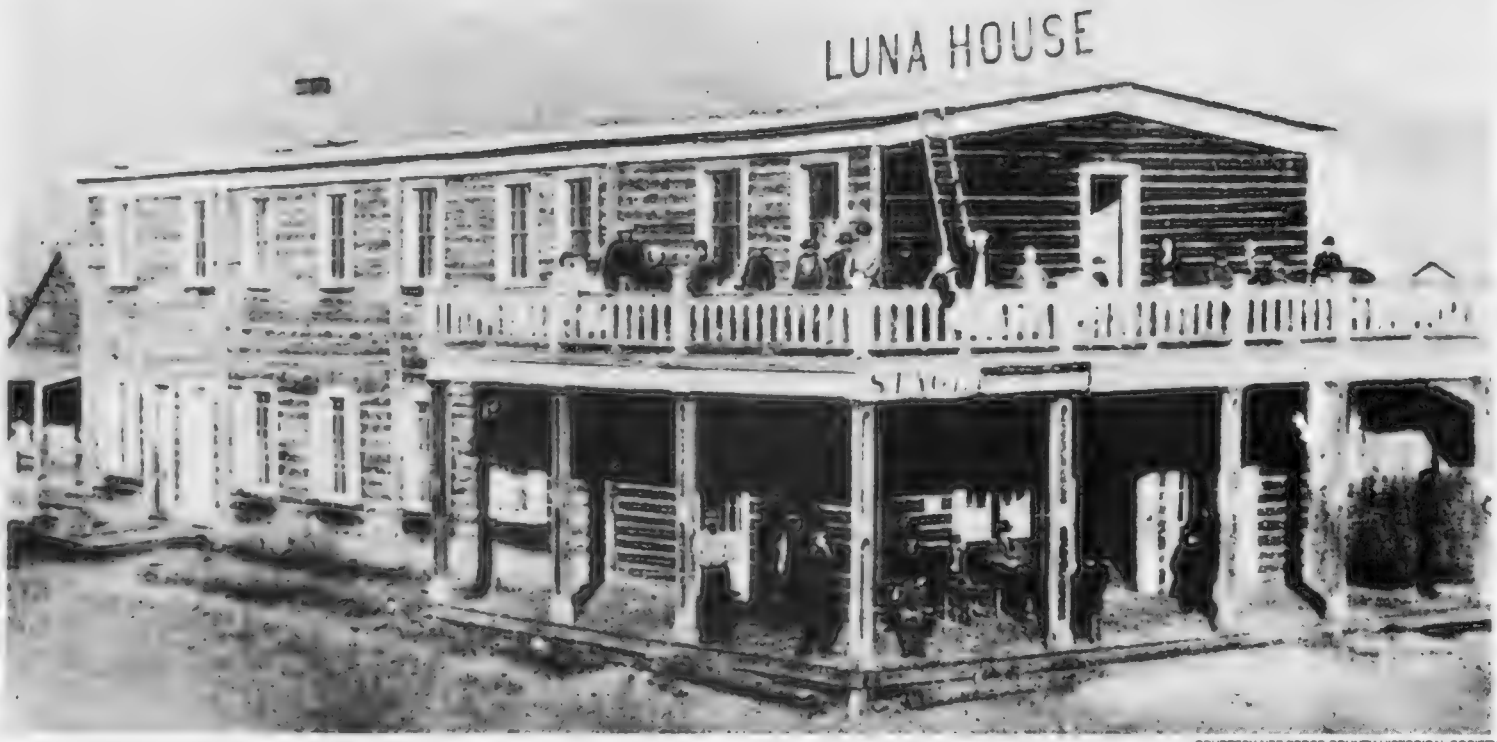
With the arrival of October, Magruder realized he would have to start back to Lewiston soon to beat the snows in the mountains. Since he was now without packers, he needed help with the mules and gratefully accepted the offer of Page, Lowry, Howard, and Romaine to assist him on his return trip in exchange for their food. A man named Baker, hearing of the arrangement, warned Magruder that Lowry, Howard, and Romaine had become known in Virginia City as tough characters and advised him against traveling with them, but Magruder, who had still seen nothing about the trio to alarm him, brushed aside the advice. A short time later, Magruder hired two other men, Charles Allen and William Phillips. Privately, Romaine, who was acquainted with Phillips, tried to persuade him not to come with them, but he was unsuccessful. As the group prepared to leave, Magruder also gave permission to two brothers, Robert and Horace Chalmers, who had recently arrived in Virginia City from Boonville, Missouri, to unite their pack train with his and accompany him to Lewiston.

When the combined parties set off on October 3, Allen and Lowry for some reason were not with them. But Allen joined them the first night at their camp on the Beaverhead, and Lowry showed up the next day at Rattlesnake. The group paused for a couple of days at Bannack, and on October 8 resumed their journey, traveling for another three days without incident. On the fourth day, as they left the Bitterroot Valley and ascended the mountains on the Nez Perce trail, Lowry asked Page to drop to the rear of the pack string, as Howard and Romaine wanted to talk to him. The old man did so, and was startled to hear that Howard, Lowry, and Romaine intended to kill Magruder that night, divide the gold he was carrying among themselves, and give a share of it to Page. The three men, Lowry said, would do all the "dirty work" themselves, and Page was to take no notice of it. But he was to sleep next to Phillips, and if there was a commotion and it became necessary, he was to shoot Phillips in the stomach. They warned Page that he was to say nothing about it to anyone if he valued his life, and several times during the day they warned him again and told him not to be frightened.

In the evening, however, the plan was postponed, and nothing happened that night. The next day, the conspirators reassured Page—whom they were apparently involving because they needed his guidance the rest of the way through the mountains—and, warning him again to be silent, told him that the deed would be done that night. The travelers made good progress during the day, and before nightfall reached the Little Clearwater, a tributary of the Selway, where they camped in a pleasant spot close to a deep canyon and below the summit of what is now called Magruder Mountain. The men were divided into shifts to watch the mules during the night, and after dinner Magruder and Lowry, who had the first shift, left camp to go up the hill where the animals were gathered. Lowry carried an ax, which he said he would need to make a fire and to build some rails along the trail to fence in the mules. The rest of the men went to bed.

SOMETIME AFTER TEN O'CLOCK MAGRUDER, still on watch, knelt by the fire to light his pipe. Behind him, Lowry raised his ax and drove it with all his force into Magruder's head. At the same moment, Howard sprang from some bushes where he had been hiding, siezed the ax from Lowry, and smashed it again and again at Magruder's skull, sending bone fragments and flesh flying through the air. After quickly searching the body and finding Magruder's gold, the two men went back to camp and lay down breathlessly with Romaine. Everyone but Page was sound asleep. Deciding that they could continue to frighten Page into silence, but could trust no one else, Howard and Romaine then got up, each with an ax in his hand, and creeping over to the Chalmers brothers, killed them both with a series of blows. Though one of the brothers emitted "mournful groans," the two hired men, Allen and Phillips, slept on. Again, the murderers lay down, apparently debating whether to go on with the killings. Soon, Romaine and Howard rose once more. This time, Romaine raised his ax above Phillips, who at the first blow cried out, "Murder!" Romaine quickly dispatched him, shouting, "You damned fool, I told you at Virginia City not to come. You had no business to come." The noise awakened Allen, who sat bolt upright. In an instant, Howard blasted him with both barrels of a shotgun.

Five men lay dead. Page had watched with horror the last four killings. While the old man dressed hurriedly, the murderers searched the bodies, taking whatever money they found. Then they directed Page to go to the spot where Magruder had been killed and keep watch over the mules. While he was gone, they wrapped the bodies of Allen and Phillips in a tent cloth, tying it with picket ropes, and had just finished when Page returned to tell them that the fire where Magruder had been killed had started to spread, running out among the



COURTESY NEZ PERCE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Luna House, a hotel in Lewiston, was owned by Magruder's friend Hill Beachy. Here the murderers of Magruder were held under guard on the upper floor, and here a confession of the grisly details of the killing was obtained.

leaves and dry logs, but that he had managed to put it out. Lowry explained to him impatiently that he had done the spreading himself—he had kicked the embers about "to burn the blood up."

During the remainder of the night, the men worked quickly to eliminate all evidence of what had happened. The murderers put on moccasins and, giving a pair to Page, told him to wear them so that if the crime were ever discovered, it would look like the work of Nez Perce Indians, who at the time were known to be resentful of the overrunning of their homeland by Idaho miners. They then wrapped and tied the other bodies and rolled all of them over a hill and into the canyon. The camp equipment not needed for the rest of the journey was burned, and what would not burn was either thrown down the canyon or put into a sack, taken down a hill, and hidden behind a log. The men then tried to round up the mules and discovered that about a dozen were missing. After a fruitless search, they selected the best animals from among those they had gathered, and at daylight started off on the trail, one of them mounted on Magruder's saddle and favorite saddle mule. It began to snow, and when they discovered that the entire pack string was following them, they paused again, leading the unwanted mules into a clearing that was hidden from the trail and shooting them.

Traveling for several days and skirting Elk City, the murderers reached the Clearwater River above Lewiston, intending to ford the river, bypass Lewiston, and continue westward along the Snake River. But there was so much ice in the Clearwater that they could not cross it; so, they made their way to Lewiston, muffling themselves in their coats to try to conceal their faces, and entering the town at nine o'clock at night. While Lowry, Howard, and Romaine searched for a boat in which to go down the Snake River, Page took the animals, the saddles, and all their equipment to a rancher named Goodman whom he knew, and paid him to keep everything until the following spring. Page rejoined the others who, meanwhile, had not been able to find a boat, and the four men took lodgings for the night at the Hotel de France, which was run by a Captain François. Still muffled against recognition, one of the murderers then went to the stage office to buy tickets for the group on a stage that would leave before dawn for Walla Walla.

By coincidence, Hill Beachy was sitting by the stove in the stage office. The stranger's muffled appearance aroused his curiosity, and he scrutinized him carefully, finally getting a look at his face when the man reached for his tickets. With a

Beachy flashed a lantern into the stage and recognized the three men he suspected of Magruder's murder.

start, Beachy recognized him and immediately remembered his dream about Magruder. When the stranger left, Beachy asked the clerk for the names of the passengers he had just booked. He recalled the names that the three men used when they were last in Lewiston, and his mind raced when the clerk showed him the waybill made out for John Smith and his brother Joseph, and Thomas Jones and his brother Jim.

Obsessed again with the memory of his dream, Beachy showed up for the departure of the stage before daylight in the morning. After the four strangers took their seats, he flashed a lantern into the stage and recognized beyond doubt the three men who had worried him before Magruder started on his trip in August. Moreover, he caught sight of containers of gold on the men's laps. Before he could decide what to do, the horses were given the reins, and the stage rolled off into the darkness.

That morning, Beachy sought out many friends, reminding them of his dream and telling them that he was sure that it had come true. Though they dissuaded him from securing warrants for the arrest of the suspects on the basis of his dream, they agreed that there was cause for suspicion of something mysterious, and word of Beachy's fear for Magruder swept quickly through Lewiston. It was decided to send a messenger to Elk City to seek word of Magruder, who should have been well on his way toward home by then.

COURTESY NEZ PERCE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Hill Beachy followed his premonition that Magruder was the victim of foul play and doggedly tracked down the murderers with the skill of a trained detective.

WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS BEACHY RECEIVED all the confirmation he needed. First, Goodman the rancher spoke up, telling of Page who had left the mules and equipment with him. Goodman had sinced moved everything to property he owned in the country south of Lewiston, but he agreed to bring the animals and trappings into town where Beachy and others could examine them. When Goodman arrived with the mules, saddles, and other paraphernalia, one of the animals and a saddle were identified as belonging to Magruder. Secondly, a packtrain came into Lewiston from Bannack with word that Magruder and his companions had preceded it by several days. The train had not passed Magruder on the trail, and the trader was surprised that Magruder had not already arrived.

The two events convinced all of Lewiston that something fearful had indeed happened to Magruder. Beachy himself could wait no longer. Despite the fact that he still had no proof that a crime had been committed, he assumed responsibility if his suspicions should be incorrect and swore out warrants for the arrest of the four men. Then he got the territorial governor (who lived in Lewiston, at that time the territorial capital) to give him requisitions on the governors of Washington Territory, Oregon, and California for the delivery of the suspects, had himself appointed a deputy sheriff, and accompanied by Thomas Pike, for whom he also got a commission, set off in pursuit of Lowry and his companions.

It was a long and dramatic chase. Beachy and Pike hastened to Walla Walla in a private conveyance, maintaining such a rapid pace that they had to change horses many times along the way. From Walla Walla they went by stage and horseback to Wallula and The Dalles, at the latter place just missing a Columbia River boat for Portland, but learning that four men answering the suspects' description had passed through on their way to Portland. Booking passage on the next boat, Beachy and Pike arrived in Portland to discover that their quarry had departed only two hours before on a steamer for San Francisco. Moreover, Beachy was told, there would not be another boat leaving for San Francisco for ten days, and the nearest telegraph office that could reach that city was at Yreka in northern California, 400 miles to the south. As Beachy tried to decide what to do, he was joined by A. P. Ankeny, a prosperous Lewiston merchant who had come to Portland. At Ankeny's suggestion, Beachy hired a tug, and Ankeny and Pike went down the Columbia, hoping

After seeing the four nooses, Page broke down and fearfully confessed, relating every detail of the crime.

to intercept the steamer while it waited for a favorable tide to cross the treacherous bar at the mouth of the river. Meanwhile, Beachy prepared for the long overland trip to Yreka in case they failed.

The tugboat made good time, but when Ankeny and Pike reached the Columbia's mouth, the steamer was already across the bar and making for San Francisco. They returned to Portland with the disappointing news, and that midnight Beachy left by stage for Yreka. He traveled night and day, and at Yreka telegraphed his warrants to the chief of police in San Francisco, supplying a description of the four men and the name of the steamer on which they had sailed, and asking that they be arrested and held until he arrived. Then, taking to stages again, Beachy continued south toward San Francisco.

By the time the San Francisco police received Beachy's telegram, the steamer had already arrived, and the four men were ashore. But Beachy's descriptions were exact enough for the chief of detectives, Captain Isaiah W. Lees, to locate the men, who had just deposited a considerable amount of gold dust for coinage at the United States Mint. Lees promptly arrested them and held them in jail until Beachy appeared, worn out from lack of sleep but exultant over the arrests. He recognized the men instantly, and they, in turn, knew who he was. The murderers were astounded by the swiftness with which their crime had been detected, but when Beachy—who still had no direct evidence of Magruder's fate or proof that Magruder was, indeed, dead—told the men that they were charged with the murder of Magruder and others, they vehemently denied knowing anything about it.

Beachy must have given a hint of his lack of information, for Lowry became abusive to him, threatening to make trouble for a false arrest, and then securing a lawyer who applied to a court for a writ of habeas corpus to free the four men. After all his efforts, Beachy could not believe that he would now be thwarted. Fatigued by frustration and tension, and joined by Pike, who had arrived to help him, he presented to the court what evidence he possessed—all of it circumstantial. To Beachy's relief, the judge found it adequate, and after winning Beachy's promise that the prisoners would have a fair trial by a court and a jury in Idaho, he denied the writ.

Assisted by Captain Lees and Pike, Beachy brought the four men back to Walla Walla. At that town, an escort of soldiers was furnished, and the party boarded a steamer for Lewiston. Word of their return with the suspects preceded them, and when they pulled in at Lewiston, a huge crowd lined the riverbank, threatening to lynch the prisoners. Beachy, however, would have none of it; he had made a promise to the San Francisco court. "The men must have a fair trial," he told the crowd. Since he now had the status of a hero among the people of Lewiston, his appeal was honored, and the prisoners were escorted safely to upper rooms of the Luna House and placed under heavy guard.

One large matter remained. No one yet knew what had actually happened to Magruder and his companions. Though a grand jury in Lewiston had no difficulty returning an indictment against the four men, their trial would initiate the first term of Idaho Territory's new court for that judicial district, and there could be no semblance of kangaroo proceedings. To demonstrate that responsible law and order had come to Idaho, the guilt of the accused men had to be established beyond a reasonable doubt.

LOWRY AND THE OTHERS CONTINUED, HOWEVER, to maintain their innocence, and as the time for the trial approached, Beachy and those who would prosecute the case became increasingly concerned over their lack of proof of a crime. Suddenly Beachy had an idea. All along, he had noticed a difference between the elderly man, Page, and the other three men. Lowry, Howard, and Romaine looked and acted like ruffians; Page did not. Moreover, they treated Page like an outsider. In thinking about it, Beachy recalled that Page was the only one of the four who had seemed frightened. He remembered, also, times when Page had hung back and given little signs that he now interpreted as having meant that Page had wanted to talk to him.

Beachy communicated his feelings to the prosecuting attorneys, and after agreeing that if any of the prisoners could be induced to turn state's evidence, it would be Page, they concocted a scheme to help force a confession from him. In one of two connecting rooms in the Luna House, they prepared what looked like four gallows, suspending four nooses from the ceiling and placing boxes under each one. In the other room, they moved in chairs and a table to make it look like a summary court. When Page was brought into that room, the door to the connecting room was left open so that he could see the four nooses. It was all that was needed. Fear overcame the elderly man, and he broke down. After being told that he would not be tried if he turned state's evidence, he made a full confession, relating every detail of the crime.

The trial commenced before District Judge Samuel C. Parks and a jury early in January 1864. Page's testimony, in which he described the lurid killings, was a sensation and sealed the doom of the other three men. After they were pronounced guilty by the jury, they were brought before Judge Parks on January 26 for sentencing. The judge had heard the story of Beachy's dream, and as he looked at the prisoners, he said to them severely, "You burned the blood of Magruder that it might not reveal your guilt, but like the blood of Abel, it cried to God against you and the cry was heard and answered." Then he sentenced them to be hanged

by the neck until dead.

The three murderers were executed before a large crowd on March 4. Page was set free for his testimony, and in May, when the winter snow had melted, he led Beachy and six other men to the scene of the crime. They found everything as he had described it and, with much effort, they retrieved the remains of the murdered men from the canyon. Their report of the grisly scene stirred emotions again in Lewiston, and though Page had not been required to stand trial, he was treated as an outcast. A year later, when he was killed in a drunken brawl, no effort was made to prosecute his assailant.

Beachy remained in Lewiston, whose grateful citizens persuaded the territorial legislature to reimburse him for the money he had spent in pursuing the murderers. He received $6,244. In turn, Beachy got the United States Mint at San Francisco to pay Magruder's widow and children some $17,000—the value of the gold dust the murderers had left there for coinage. The rest of the money stolen from Magruder, Beachy learned, had been spent by the four men in their flight from Lewiston and at faro tables in San Francisco before their arrest.

As time went on, passions cooled, and memories of the crime and of Beachy's remarkable dream faded. Beachy himself moved to San Francisco, became manager of the Lick House, and had a son, Lincoln, who later became famous as a pioneer stunt flier. In 1874, Hill Beachy died at Elko, Nevada. Three years afterward, Lewiston and the Salmon River country were swept by the excitement of the dramatic war against Chief Joseph and the Nez Perces. Beachy and Magruder were forgotten. But the mountain where Lloyd Magruder's burning blood cried out had already been named, and it is there today, still in a state of wilderness, for anyone to see.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *author of many works on Indian and Western American history, is president of the National Council of the Institute of the American West at Sun Valley, Idaho. Among his books are* The Patriot Chiefs, The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest, *and the recently published* Now That the Buffalo's Gone. *Mr. Josephy is on the Editorial Board of* AMERICAN WEST.

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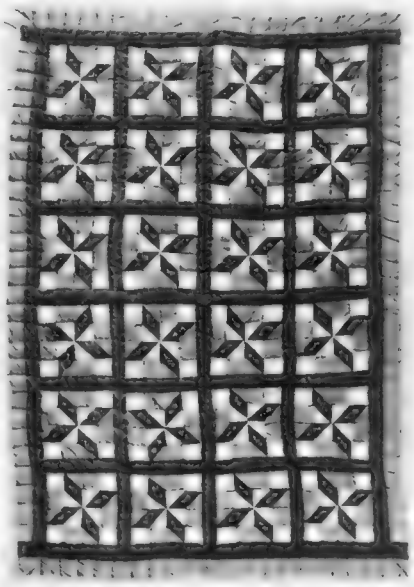

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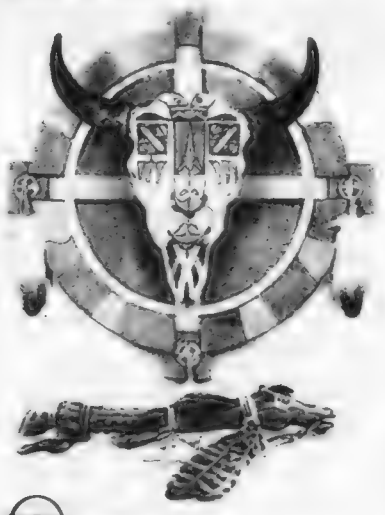

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NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Bonanza gold, treasure-hunters, guns, and trouble agitated a spot of Nevada desert during the early years of the twentieth century. While eldorado lasted, Goldfield mines yielded fabulously rich ore in unbelievable amounts. (Above) *Shotgun at the ready, William Connor, bookkeeper at the State Bank & Trust, guarded the bags of nuggets that crowded the bank's vault in Goldfield's heyday.* (Opposite) *During the wild months of Goldfield's riches, bags of ore stood high around the mines, awaiting transport to bank or mint. Workers at the St. Ives Mine put aside pick and shovel to pose with compelling evidence of the treasure-trove beneath the desert acres.*

GOLDFIELD, NEVADA, WAS THE LAST OF THE HONEST-to-God, rip-roaring, wide-open, wild-West mining towns. Gold was discovered at the site, a no-name spot of sagebrush desert about twenty-six miles south of the silver camp of Tonopah, in December 1902. For a year nothing much happened. Miners were a bit leery of proclamations of eldorado by that time, not to mention the ancillary hordes of merchants, saloon-keepers, gamblers, trollops, editors, speculators, lawyers, and men of the cloth who went where the miners went. So, not until January 1904, when unbelievable assay after unbelievable assay confirmed that there was bonanza ore in Goldfield, did the rush begin.

Within a few months, thousands of people converged on the place. In record time Goldfield raced through its canvas- and wood-building phases to boast a main street that was mostly brick. On the boardwalks of Goldfield, people who

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had known the intermountain West when it was a million square miles of howling wilderness rubbed elbows with men and women who would soon be at home in the world of Route 66, Listerine Antiseptic, and the Wagner Labor Relations Act of 1935. And therein lies the tale of a clash between two rather different ways of looking at the world and especially at the relationship of men to precious metals.

In the forty-niner rush for treasure in California, gold came in "poor man's diggins"; though the gold was not quite lying there just to be picked up, little capital and expertise were needed to mine it. Placer gold was pure element, jumbled in the sand and gravel of creekbeds by millennia of erosion. All a man needed was a claim (which cost little), a cheap pan, pick, shovel, roll of fine-mesh screen, a sack of nails, a strong back and a willingness to bend it. Placer mining was a simple, mechanical, washing process that could be learned in fifteen minutes. The man with money had no edge whatsoever. A man had to work a claim in order to have a claim; the idea of an absentee miner was preposterous.

In Goldfield, however, it was the day of the man with money, as expensive operations were needed to mine the rich ore far below the surface of those desert acres. But miners clung to the ideals that had been forged in forty-nine—the California principle that "gold belongs to him who finds it and digs it and no one else." They felt that "God Almighty put no more gold in the bowels of the earth for one man than he did for another" and certainly not for some faceless, nameless "investor" in San Francisco, Philadelphia, or London. The law and the cold realities of the twentieth century said otherwise, however, and the result was a practice that had certainly been disapproved of in the foothills of the Sierra: widespread theft or "high-grading."

High-grading was made possible by the extraordinary richness of the ore. Common Goldfield dirt assayed out at between $100 and $500 a ton—$5 to $25 a pound! The Hayes–Monette Lease sent one small shipment to the Selby Smelter in California and got a check for $500,000. On the Frances–Mohawk Lease, miners picked into a pocket of telluride that was worth $250,000 a ton. Another hole produced $50,000 a day for 106 consecutive days.

The techniques for stealing the high-grade ore were infinite in number and often not subtle. Men filled their boots and hollow pick-handles with dust and their lunch pails with rich ore. Some sewed special linings into their work clothes in which to carry home nuggets and great fist-sized chunks of telluride or calverite. The miner stumbling awkwardly under the poundage he had "secreted" on his person was a common sight in the streets of Goldfield when the shifts changed. One man fell down stepping off the hoist in the Mohawk shaft and could not get up because of the weight he was carrying. He had to be helped to his feet.

Theft reached incredible proportions. The Mohawk and Combination claimed they lost $1,000,000 to high-grading during the summer of 1906. The Florence said $500,000 to $750,000 was stolen from its shafts during the same period. The mining journalist T. A. Rickard estimated that $1,000 worth of illicit bullion passed through the United States Mint at Carson City each day, most of it from Goldfield. According to others, about one-fifth of the gold coined at Carson had been stolen. In his careful study of Goldfield, Guy Louis Rocha concludes that these figures are much too high. But there is no doubt that the sum was prodigious and a source of great aggravation to the owners. Investment in mining was risky enough without losing gold that was actually there.

MOST IMPORTANT, HOWEVER, IS THAT HIGH-GRADING was cheerily approved by the community. Dozens of businesses—including practically all the city's numerous assay houses—bought, disguised, and fenced the stolen ore. Emmett L. Arnold, who worked in Goldfield at the height of the thievery, claimed that the John S. Cooke and Company Bank was in on the trade, buying high-grade after dark at fifty percent of the assay value. Retail businessmen shrugged that it was "a good thing for the town," that if it were stopped "it would kill business."

Foremen and watchmen ignored high-grading and were, in fact, often involved in it themselves. T. A. Rickard tells of the president of one of the mining companies who filled his valise with "specimen ore" each time he visited one of his Goldfield interests. Rickard attributed the practice to greed and, in a way, this simplistic explanation was right. But it was the same greed that the romance of California was founded on and the same that drove on the injured mine-owners. Rickard revealed perhaps more than he intended about the social significance of high-grading when he noted that it was impossible to secure a conviction for such theft in the town because "the judges who preside over the local courts owed their position to political election, and this made them subservient to the majority of voters, who happen to be

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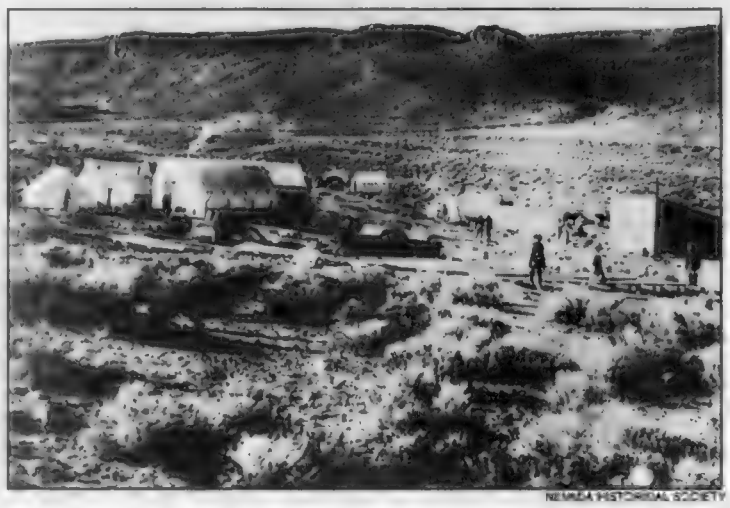

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(Immediately above) *In 1903 Goldfield was a prospectors' camp of a few tents and wooden shacks. A handful of "desert rats" roamed the area searching for "poor man's diggins." After news got around that high-grade gold had been found, thousands of optimists rushed in to try their luck. By late 1907* (top photo) *Goldfield had mushroomed into a raw, frontier boomtown of over twenty thousand souls, including every kind of character who ever cheated at cards or sprawled on a barroom floor.*

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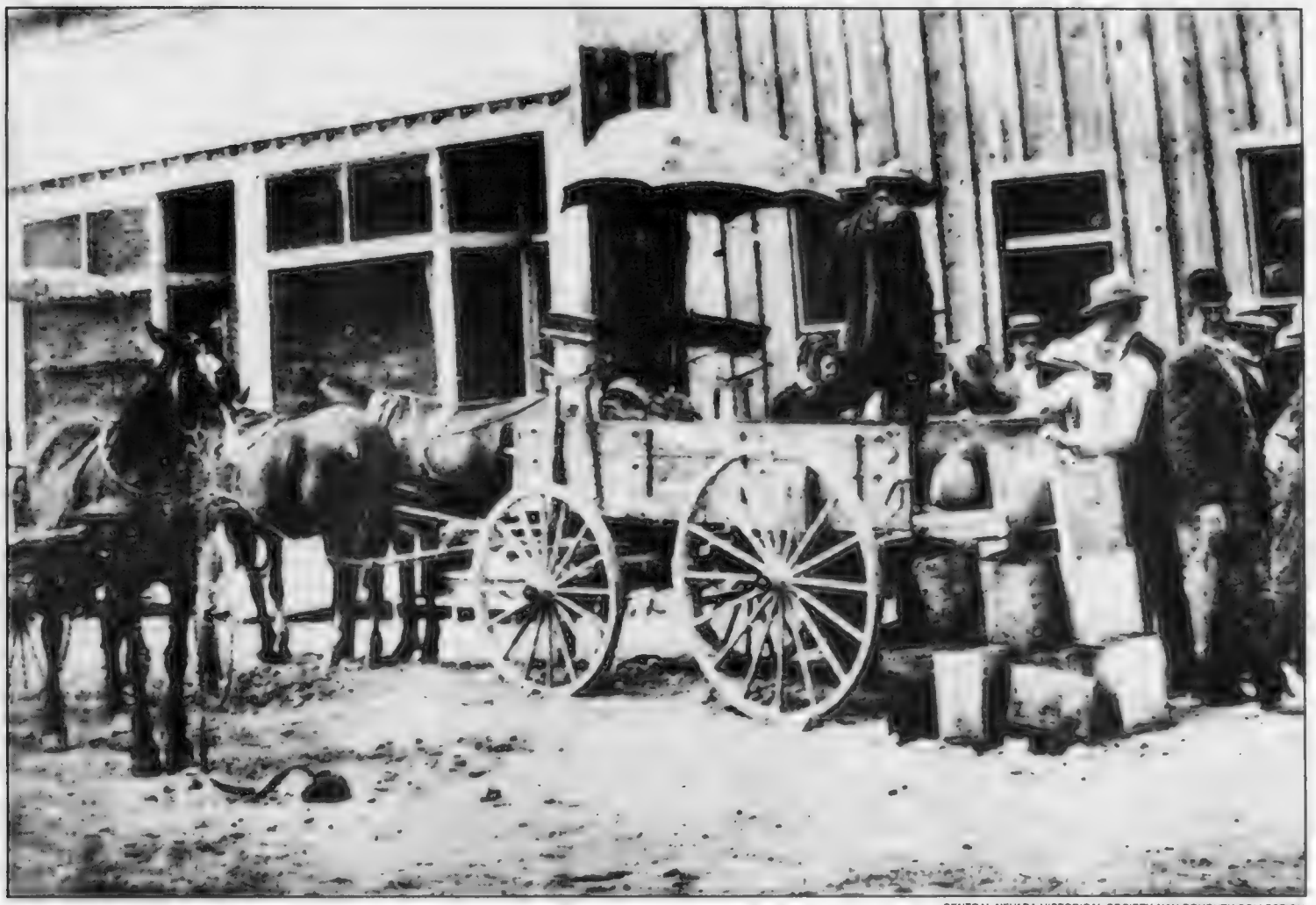
mine workers."

Late in 1906 mine operators began to complain about the theft of ore and announced that they were going to construct change-rooms at the entrance to the shafts. As a rule in the mining West, change-rooms were something miners asked for—demanded—in their contracts. They needed facilities for getting out of their sopping work clothes. The change-rooms that the operators had in mind, however, were not simple banks of lockers and a place to wash up but part of an anti-high-grading maneuver. The men would shed their street clothes under observation on one side of the room and cross it naked, around a partition where they could be thoroughly scrutinized, and don their work clothes at lockers on the opposite wall, reversing the procedure when they came off their shift.

The miners' protest was immediate, focusing on incon-



CENTRAL NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NAN DOUGHTY COLLECTION

A Goldfield "high-grader" is caught with the goods. Sacks, boots, wagons—everything that could carry away the rich ore or dust was used by miners who insisted that "gold belongs to him who finds it and digs it." Most high-graders managed to get away with their loot.

venience, discomfort, and modesty but obviously based on a fear for the future of high-grade bonuses. The organization through which the miners expressed their ideals was, curiously, the Western Federation of Miners (WFM). On the face of it, the WFM was like many other turn-of-the-century labor groups. It was a socialist union, but that was not then uncommon; almost half the unions in the United States were opposed to the permanent maintenance of the capitalist system. The WFM's day-to-day concerns were to improve wages, hours, and conditions.

But the WFM was more than just another labor union. Its members were not merely workers but resuscitated forty-niners. The best-paid of them—and miners were quite well paid—were apt to quit their jobs when they heard a rumor of rich diggings. Ed Boyce, head of the WFM during the 1890s and the man who committed the union to socialism, was also a speculator; he retired when an Idaho claim in which he had an interest hit paydirt. William Dudley "Big Bill" Haywood, though a radical of the twentieth century who actually went into exile in communist Moscow, several times drifted back and forth between working for wages and trying his luck with pan and pick. Vincent St. John, the resourceful WFM leader and, in Goldfield, the head of the WFM's offshoot, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), retired from agitating for socialist revolution in 1913 so that he could prospect in Arizona. Nor was it only these prominent leaders. Before employers in Goldfield became preoccupied with miners' theft of the best ore, their chief concern was the mercurial unreliability of the workforce. Certainly the WFM's "socialism" owed more to the California principle of "gold belongs to him who finds it and digs it and no one else" than it did to any close scrutiny of the works of Karl Marx in ten-thousand candle-lit cabins.

THE OPERATORS' CAMPAIGN TO END HIGH-GRADING was led by George Wingfield, not on the face of it the man for the job. Wingfield was cut out of the same Western leather as the miners. Born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1876, he was a cowhand near Winnemucca, Nevada, when news of the gold find in Tonopah drew him there along with thousands of others. He worked as a faro dealer, to all appearances just another hanger-on after the quick buck. It would not have been far-fetched to mistake Wingfield for a mere tough.

But somewhere along the line, George Wingfield recognized that the future lay in stability and control, not in gambling and roughhouse. While still in Tonopah he began to

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consolidate small mining properties (won at faro according to some accounts) and drew on his acquaintance from Winnemucca days with banker and United States Senator George M. Nixon to fund his operation. Between October 1906 and January 1907, with the additional backing of Wall Street financier Bernard Baruch, Wingfield acquired the Jumbo and Red Top mines, the Mohawk, the Goldfield Mining Company, and the Combination Mines. Wingfield not only built a reliable, integrated operation out of a speculative chaos (there were more than 100 companies in Goldfield at the beginning of 1906), he did it against the opposition of a strong and deliberate labor movement and against the wiles of a Westerner as remarkable as he, Vincent St. John.

St. John was from Kentucky, but he had come West as a child (his father was a Pony Express rider) and gone to work in the mines of Colorado while still an adolescent. Absorbing the values of the miners, "the Saint" remained something of a rough-and-tumble character his whole life, twice returning to the desert when well along in years and known (when he was secretary-treasurer of the IWW) to solve squabbles in locals by sending an agent armed with jurisdictional authorization and a six-gun.

The Saint was a lifelong revolutionary, and he found his alternative to the wage system in the IWW; it would be the workers themselves, organized into "One Big Union," who would topple the monster. The IWW reflected the miners' commitment to organizing all workers in Western mining towns for their security. Nationally, the IWW was a paper organization during its first four years. But in Goldfield the union fairly swept through the town, by fair means and foul, signing up just about every employee into its Local No. 77, from waitresses and retail clerks to musicians in the whorehouses and maybe the ladies themselves. There were exceptions: there was a small hostile American Federation of Labor carpenters' union; the workers at Lindley Branson's *Goldfield Sun* were not permitted to join; and the miners, of course, had their own union, WFM Local No. 220.

In August 1906 the IWW fought a skirmish with Branson. Wingfield was preoccupied at that time with putting together the Goldfield Consolidated Mining Company and wanted no knock-down labor disturbance alarming his Eastern backers. He urged the settlement of September 14 by which the hot-headed Branson bowed to the IWW-WFM boycott, sold the *Sun,* and retired to the background. In fact, Wingfield may have encouraged the merger of the IWW and the WFM on September 10 in hope that the miners would control the town-workers who, though fewer than the miners, were more sympathetic to the revolutionary St. John.

During the six to nine months after the merger, the workers seemed to have everything their way. The union adopted wage scales and regulated hours, and employers were obliged to agree. In retrospect, it is clear that George Wingfield was not so helpless before the sage-brush soviet as St. John might have thought. Wingfield was responding at least as much

(Opposite) *These jaunty soldiers were part of the contingent sent to Goldfield by President Theodore Roosevelt to keep the peace between owners and miners in late 1907. The apparent good humor of these men was needed more than their guns to handle the situation, as Goldfield was peaceful though locked in a bitter strike.* (Below) *The troops bivouacked near Goldfield for three months, their departure delayed by mine officials who used the time to instal "yellow dog" labor in the mines.*

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to his own interests in giving in to the workers and to the demands of external forces. Moreover, through the entire period of "the commune" he was laying the groundwork for a showdown at a more auspicious moment which, with a little luck, he got.

We can also see after seventy-five years that the miner-town worker alliance was something of an illusion. Though a minority of the miners shared St. John's heady sense of revolutionary control, and most of the town-workers did, the large majority of miners were more interested in "the rough kind of socialism" of high-grading than in St. John's twentieth-century variety.

IN DECEMBER 1906 THE MINERS RETORTED TO THE owners' plan for change-rooms by demanding a $5 per day minimum wage for all mine workers. This was not a moderate demand but fully a twenty-five percent raise over the prevailing rate in southern Nevada mines. To many, it looked like an attempt to scare the operators off the change-room idea, or, at least, to provide compensation for the loss of the poor man's diggings.

Under pressure from his Eastern backers to ship ore, Wingfield did not quibble on wages and agreed to just about the whole of the union's program in a settlement of January 9, 1907. As part of the agreement, the WFM accepted "in principle" the change-rooms that the employers proposed. This was both the end of "miners' culture" and the high-water mark of worker control in Goldfield. In acknowledging, albeit tacitly, that high-grading was actually theft, that capital had a legitimate interest in all the gold in the mines, the WFM unequivocally turned toward a limited, conservative concept of unionism. The miners would have no recourse to traditional ideals when the issue rose again.

During a revolutionary demonstration a week later, it became clear to the conservative miners that Vincent St. John and his IWW supporters were interested in more than a living wage. St. John urged on "every class conscious worker to fierce revolt...[and to] sweep the capitalist class out of the life of this nation, and then out of the world." Within a few months, when a local restaurant owner was shot to death in a squabble with the increasingly assertive IWW, the miners dissolved their "One Big Union" alliance with the town workers. In April of 1907, in return for another favorable settlement with Wingfield on a jurisdictional matter, they agreed that production would not be disrupted on account of any town labor problems.

But the miners were still powerful. In August, when Wingfield actually opened the anti-theft change-rooms at the Consolidated and the WFM leaders consented to them, the rank-and-file soundly voted the arrangement down and forced Wingfield, this time quite reluctantly, to agree. But the solidarity of the Goldfield working class was broken, in fact as well as in principle, as relations between miner "conservatives" and the revolutionaries continued to deteriorate.

On November 5, Vincent St. John was wounded in a gunfight with another miner, removing the revolutionaries' most effective leader from the scene. A week later, the Consolidated announced that the nationwide bank panic obliged the company to pay the miners only half in gold and half in company scrip. On November 26 the WFM voted unanimously to strike. This was what Wingfield had been waiting for and building toward. The town and the miners were split, bitterly so with the shooting of St. John. The national financial crisis made it preferable to close down production for a time and put the squeeze on the miners.

Wingfield knew how to seize the moment. On December 2, 1907, the mine operators cancelled all their agreements with the WFM. The same day Wingfield and others met with Governor Sparks and arranged for him to prevail upon President Theodore Roosevelt to send troops to Goldfield. On December 6 three companies of the Twenty-second Infantry arrived in town, and three days later the operators reduced wages in the mines to $4 a day. On December 12 they reopened the mines with scab labor pledged not to join the WFM.

Roosevelt had little love for the WFM, but even he was not pleased to be an accomplice in the palpable smashing of Local No. 220. He dispatched a commission to investigate the affair, and it reported that there had in fact been no legitimate basis for military intervention: although locked in a bitter strike, Goldfield was peaceful. The President was on the verge of withdrawing the troops, but Sparks and Wingfield played for time enough to fill the mines with "yellow dog" labor, and not until March 7, 1908, did the

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On December 7, 1907, this crowd gathered on a corner in Goldfield at a tense moment in the miners' strike, awaiting the arrival of troops that mine owners had persuaded the President to send.

Twenty-second Infantry finally withdraw.

In April, only 115 miners voted in a pathetic capitulation to the employers. While the WFM did not completely disappear from southern Nevada (nor did the IWW), Goldfield unionism, after holding unprecedented and unduplicated power in the United States, faded into obscurity. And so did the last expression of the values of forty-nine. Henceforth, they would be represented only by the occasional old sourdough trudging his way around the desert with a burro or two dragging forlornly behind. It would not be long, indeed, before those relics were being asked by motoring tourists to pose for snapshots.

As for Goldfield, the place proved to be just about through anyway. The mines continued to produce enough to keep them open for a few years, but ironically the bonanza ores pinched out just about the time the battle fought for them was ended. Had events moved just a little more slowly, the Goldfield class war would have been lost in the natural history of the American mining camp.

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Joseph R. Conlin *has written a number of books on Western mining and radicalism, among them,* Big Bill Haywood and the Radical Union Movement (1969).

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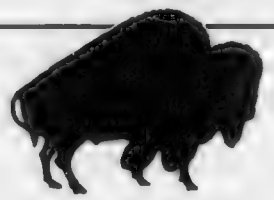

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The magnificent Rockies:

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Studio for explorer-artists

First encounters with America's grandest mountains

Text and captions by Peter H. Hassrick

ON THE LAST DAY OF JUNE IN 1820, AS THE WESTERN exploration party of Major Stephen H. Long made its way up the Platte, it first sighted the Rocky Mountains. After viewing that "grand outline, imprinted in bold indentations upon the luminous margin of the sky," an artist in Long's group sketched the first picture of North America's grandest cordillera. With his rendition of Long's Peak, Samuel Seymour began the first period of artistic portrayal of the Rockies—that period before the Civil War when explorer-artists came West to render the beauty and grandeur of Western scenery. It was a time of new appreciation for the natural world when man was encouraged to trust his emotions and intuition in learning from Nature, which revealed God in the glory of His natural wonders.

As the official painter of the Long expedition, Seymour was responsible for furnishing "sketches of landscapes, whenever [the expedition met]...with any distinguished for their beauty and grandeur." He was busy.

Samuel Seymour's picture of Long's Peak is quite important for several reasons. The hand-colored aquatint version appeared in the British edition of Dr. Edwin James's report of the expedition, and hundreds of Americans and Europeans perused this account. Seymour's watercolors also supplied Titian Ramsay Peale, another Philadelphia artist on the Long expedition, with background material for paintings about the Rockies, completed after he returned home.

In 1832 Prussian Prince Alexander Philip Maximilian passed through Philadelphia on the way to fulfill his dream to explore the Far West. He brought with him the Swiss artist Carl Bodmer, and the two stopped to see the high point of

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First View of the Rocky Mountains, watercolor by Carl Bodmer, 1833, 11½" x 16¾"
This work reflects the meticulous observation that is the product of Bodmer's empirical training. Beyond its element of keen accuracy, the watercolor is beautifully executed with assurance, placing Bodmer easily in the top ranks of the artist-explorers. In its clarity of form, sophisticated articulation of space illusion, and subtle color tonalities, this Bodmer watercolor represents an advance beyond the relatively simple compositions of Samuel Seymour.

Seymour's views of the grand outline of the Rockies encouraged other artists to paint Western grandeur.

COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

Trappers Saluting the Rocky Mountains, oil by Alfred Jacob Miller, 1864, 25″ x 38⅞″
In romantic splendor blended with idyllic grace, Miller celebrated the magnificent Rockies as God manifest in nature. His finished oils, painted both in Baltimore and Scotland after his return from the West, often show less spark and brilliance than his watercolors and are even more derivative of European formulae with their suffused distance, stage-like foregrounds, and animated figures astride Delacroix-like Arabian mounts.

America's cultural capital, the Peale Museum. The objects in the museum that caught their greatest fancy were some "paintings of Indian villages and scenery by Seymour." Here again Seymour served as the inspiration for some of the exquisite artistic interpretations of the Rocky Mountains that Bodmer produced later.

Bodmer, like Seymour, was a trained watercolorist and topographical artist. Precision and discipline were the trademarks of his style, and as he and Maximilian moved up the Missouri, he recorded the face of the land and its native people with the clarity and formal organization of a master craftsman. Maximilian and Bodmer were forced to turn back shortly after their first sighting of the Rockies. Bodmer's watercolor, *A View of the Rocky Mountains,* is therefore a singular recording. Picturing the Highwood Mountains near Fort Mackenzie, Bodmer's view is precise and gem-like.

A year before Bodmer visited the Upper Missouri, an American-born artist, George Catlin, traveled over two thousand miles up that same river from St. Louis. Catlin was more interested in the Indians than in the Western landscape, though his lengthy residence in Philadelphia had no doubt given him occasion to admire Seymour's work, and his

COURTESY MR. AND MRS PAUL MELLON COLLECTION

own series of Niagara Falls, painted in 1827, had brought considerable acknowledgement.

Catlin did not reach the Rockies on his initial series of Western trips even though his published itinerary erroneously suggested that he did in 1833. When he finally traversed the mountains in 1855, he produced a number of energetic works and even wrote a book about them titled *The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America* in which he enthused that "no other portion of the globe presents so vast and sublime a spectacle." The vitality exuded in his oil painting *A Crow Village and the Salmon River Mountains* is typical of his later landscape work.

In combining creative expression and scientific observation, Catlin and his forerunners—Seymour, Bodmer, and Peale—were devoted followers of their German mentor Alexander von Humboldt. Their task was to join scientific scrutiny and emotive response in recording nature. In the Rocky Mountains they found the truest resolution of their efforts.

Not until 1837, seventeen years after Seymour painted the front range, did an artist actually penetrate the mountains to paint the remote peaks in their dramatic presence. This

View of the Chasm through which the Platte Issues from the Rocky Mountains, watercolor by Samuel Seymour, 1820, 5″ x 8″

English-born Seymour was the official painter for the 1820 Western exploration party of Major Stephen H. Long and painted the first picture of the Rocky Mountains. While on the same expedition Seymour rendered this watercolor of the headwaters of the Platte, following a tradition of precise topographical delineation gained from English watercolorists. A number of Seymour's views were later shown in Philadelphia at the Peale Museum, and it was probably there that Thomas Doughty, a founding member of the Hudson River School, drew inspiration for one of his earliest landscapes. Doughty's painting The Rocky Mountains, *which appeared in 1822 as an engraved illustration in* The Port Folio, and New York Monthly Magazine, *is directly adapted from Seymour's watercolor above.*

Catlin joined scientific scrutiny and emotive response in recording nature's sublime Western scenes.

COURTESY MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS

Immigrants in the Rockies, oil by James F. Wilkins, 1855, 22¼" x 30¼"
English artist Wilkins sketched this visionary work when he traveled the Oregon Trail in 1849, completing it later in St. Louis. Wilkins was especially praised for his large panorama "The Moving Mirror of the Oregon Trail" that was shown in Peoria in 1850. The Democratic Press *praised it as a grand success. The mountains in one scene "with their snowy tops and ragged sides . . . gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, remind us all what Bryon or Colridge [sic] have written or sung of far famed Alpine scenery."*

was Alfred Jacob Miller, an American born in Baltimore, influenced by the Peales of Philadelphia and schooled in Paris at the École des Beaux Arts. Because his first studio in Baltimore saw only limited success, Miller had moved to New Orleans in 1836. There, by chance, he met an adventurous Scotsman, Captain William Drummond Stewart, who was passing through Louisiana on his way to join the American Fur Company expedition to the "Mountains of the Wind." Miller was persuaded to accompany Stewart's entourage and was allowed to devote full time to sketching.

UNLIKE EARLIER EXPEDITIONS, THIS ONE HAD NO pretense of scientific investigation. It was approached as pure adventure, and the artistic results were correspondingly different. Miller was given to celebrate romance more than reality. His *Trappers Saluting the Rocky Mountains* provides the ultimate expression of the Transcendental dictum—man

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A Crow Village and the Salmon River Mountains, oil by George Catlin, 1855, 18½" x 24½"
Catlin appreciated the romantic essence of nature, his paintings showing an involvement with wilderness and the sublime that his colleagues could not equal. Catlin's methods of painting landscapes, as well as portraits, were simple but not crude, as some have contended. He was a realist who strove to capture the excitement, spirit, and mood of a scene. As an explorer in his own right, he was forced by the exigencies of time to record the essence of the moment. This he did with great freshness and directness. Of the nearly 600 paintings in the famous Catlin Indian Gallery that toured America and Europe, almost 100 were landscapes.

in celebration of God as manifest in Nature. And where could He be more magnificently displayed than in the Rockies that were, according to Miller, "as fresh and beautiful as if just from the hands of the Creator."

There were dozens of official government expeditionary forces which bridged the American West from the 1840s through the time of the Civil War. The vast majority of them, whether military, exploratory, or related to the great Transcontinental Railroad Surveys, carried artists as visual documentarians. Charles Preuss, who accompanied John Charles Frémont as a topographer through the entire central Rocky Mountain region from Colorado to California during the 1840s, portrayed the Wind River Range as Gothic crenelations. This was far removed in feeling from Miller's Turneresque melding of color and form.

Despite the controversial nature of Frémont's exploring career, he was instrumental in expanding America's knowl-

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Visions of the explorer-artists gave way to the grand manner interpretation of the West by Bierstadt and Moran.

edge of the Rockies. His political histrionics have been widely recognized, his patronage of the arts equally ignored. Yet his artists brought America's vision of the West and the Rockies to reality. Under his command, for example, Lieutenant James Albert surveyed Colorado and New Mexico in 1845, providing pictorial documentation to embellish official government reports and allow the world to see the southern Rockies for the first time.

During his exploring years, Frémont was also responsible for employing two distinguished Philadelphia artists, Edward and Richard Kern. Edward joined Frémont on his third expedition to California in 1845 and was recognized for "his skill in sketching from nature." His brother Richard signed up with Edward for the fourth expedition, which was perhaps one of the most calamitous in the annals of Western exploration. In search of a route for a transcontinental railroad through the central range, Frémont took his party deep into the San Juan Mountains in midwinter of 1848. Richard Kern's watercolor, *Relief Camp on the Rio Grande,* pictures the scene observed by some of the survivors of that ill-fated adventure after their deliverance by a rescue party from Taos.

Of the eleven artists who traveled in official capacity with the Pacific Railroad Surveys in the West, a Detroit painter, John Mix Stanley, was most celebrated. By the time he signed on with the Isaac Stevens Expedition in 1853, Stanley had already achieved a favored national reputation as a painter of Indians and of Western life. As early as 1839 he traveled onto the frontier to paint Indian likenesses, and by 1843 his Indian Gallery was considered a "fair rival" to Catlin's. William Emory, in charge of the topographical unit of Stephen Watts Kearny's "Army of the West," signed Stanley on for his California expedition in Santa Fé. As official "draughtsman," Stanley saw and painted the southernmost extension of the Rockies. The oil study *Butte on the Del Norte* combines the vision of science and romance. Written descriptions of the landforms which appeared in Emory's *Report* were augmented by published Stanley illustrations. "For a better description of this landscape," wrote Emory at one point, "see the sketch by Mr. Stanly" [sic].

Stanley experienced the northern Rockies in 1853 when, again as official artist, he helped Stevens search for the most practical route west between the 47th and 49th parallels. By mid-September, Stevens wrote from Fort Benton on the upper Missouri that "John M. Stanley, Esq., the artist of the expedition, has taken a great many sketches illustrative of the progress of the expedition. His reputation, already so well established, cannot be enhanced by any reference to his satisfactory discharge of duty."

In the vicinity of Fort Benton, while the Stevens party surveyed the broad valley of the Teton River, Stanley made the sketch that was to inspire his later masterpiece, *Encampment in the Teton Country*.

Many others capitalized on Rocky Mountain scenery with equal fervor. The English artist James F. Wilkins, who went West on the Oregon Trail in 1849, is known today for a set of sketches done along the way and for charming, somewhat visionary works such as *Immigrants in the Rockies,* completed in St. Louis where he later settled. He was perhaps an inspiration for Stanley when, in 1850, he completed a monumental panorama, "The Moving Mirror of the Oregon Trail."

There were numerous other such pictorial extravaganzas produced during the period, including one called "Frémont's Diorama" which is thought to have been adapted from works by Preuss and the Kern brothers. Although all are now lost, they show the evolving perceptions and taste which would, after the Civil War, encourage the grand manner interpretations of the West painted by Bierstadt, Moran, and their followers. The Humboldtian artists would now relinquish their claim to Rocky Mountain imagery to the expeditionary photographers such as William Henry Jackson and his colleagues. The Rockies had been explored and documented; it was time for expanding the vision to its grandest form.

Peter Hassrick, *author of numerous pieces on Western artists, is Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. His latest book,* The Rocky Mountains: A Vision for Artists in the Nineteenth Century, *with coauthor Patricia Trenton, will be published in May by the University of Oklahoma Press.*

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, will offer an exhibit entitled "The Rocky Mountains: A Vision for Artists in the Nineteenth Century" from June 4 through September 22. Ninety paintings from the book of the same title by Peter Hassrick and Patricia Trenton will be shown. An accompanying symposium is planned for June 3 and 4, at which the following will be speakers: Dr. William H. Goetzmann of the University of Texas, Dr. Barton L. St. Armand of Brown University, Dr. Roderick Nash of the University of California, and Dr. Patricia Trenton, Curator for the Los Angeles Athletic Club Collection.

These beautiful reproductions of Rocky Mountain paintings have been assembled by AMERICAN WEST from the following sources: Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming; Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis; National Gallery of Art, Washington; Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha; The Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa; the Paul Mellon Collection, Upperville, Virginia; and the University of Chicago Library.

The greatest bronc buster who ever lived

Manny Airola of Angels Camp

by Jack Burrows

Sailing past admiring cowboys on the fence, Manny Airola masters the rhythms of a leaping bronc at a summer range camp in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Horse and rider appear fused together in this image of speed and grace taken between 1908 and 1910. "If he went up he took the horse with him," fans said of Manny's remarkable style.

I NEVER SAW HIM RIDE. HE WAS BEFORE MY TIME. But I grew up in the nimbus of his awesome reputation, and I have spoken to a score or more of old-timers who knew him and saw him ride and rode with him, and they were of one mind: He was the greatest bronc buster who ever lived. One old puncher who had more "broke bones" than "I kin count" from being "throwed," rolled on, kicked, and taken through a "bob-wire" fence by a locoed bronc, spoke for them all. "There was never no rider like Manny," he said quietly and with finality. "Nowhere. Never."

"Manny" was Manuel Airola, born in 1888 near Angels Camp in California's Mother Lode country. He was sometimes called "Mandy," after the quaint habit of the hill-folk to colloquialize personal names. Manny was born to the horse. The Airolas have always been horse- and cattlemen. They began building their herds in the early 1870s, and they are still at it. Manny's eighty-eight year old cousin Tone Airola still rides and tends his herd. At six feet two, lean, with silvery hair and weathered, aquiline features, Tone is the Marlboro Man grown a little older and only slightly more stooped. His son, Bill, runs his own spread nearby, and Carol Airola, Manny's only son (also a first-rate bronc rider), is just now recovered from a run-in with a bull.

Manny did not look like the Marlboro Man. A little over average height, slim, with boyish good-looks, he was quiet and unassuming. Manny was, really, the archetypal cowboy whose Homeric exploits on bucking broncs are still remem-

bered and talked about up in the hill country, more than fifty years after his death. I learned from old-timers, who spoke with the moral weight of years-in-the-saddle behind every word, that Manny had powerful legs ("if he went up he took the horse with him"), that he rode for the love of riding, not for the winning of prizes, that he respected the broncs he rode but never feared them, and that he was a good sport and a natural showman without the self-consciousness of being one. All these qualities seem to have fused into the single, dominant and powerful will of the perfect horseman they believed him to be.

Rodeos were rougher in Manny Airola's day, in the teens and early twenties of this century. A rider was not picked off his horse when a ten-second horn blew. There was rarely a ten-second limit in those days. He rode until the horse quit or until he was thrown. And the good riders never flank-cinched to make their horses buck, nor did they ride trained "buckers." As often as not, they rode horses that had never been ridden before, or never ridden successfully.

In 1914 Manny won the championship bronc-busters' belt for the counties of Stanislaus, Calaveras, Mariposa, and Tuolumne. But it was not the winning of belts or prizes that evoked the awe of crusty old punchers. It was what Manny would do on a bucking horse—the imaginative, the impossible things. He would come bursting out of his chute on a wild-eyed, bawling, sunfishing, end-swapping bronc, raking its ribs with wooly-chapped legs, his high-crowned Stetson jammed down on his head, and waving a full bottle of strawberry soda for the crowd to see. Then while the horse bucked, squalled, rattled leather, and shook himself, Manny would drain the bottle at a single pull and "never spill a drop." He would hold up the empty bottle, then, as it flashed prismatically, toss it toward the grandstand. In an instant a dozen or more small boys would tumble into the arena and wrestle for the bottle in a swirling cloud of dust. When the horse quit, Manny would gallop it around the arena, talking to the crowd and pointing to his mouth and telling them no, he hadn't chipped his teeth on the bottle. Manny would almost always do the bottle trick at rodeos or fairs. It was not a show-off stunt. It was his way of demonstrating his mastery over the horse, beyond just the riding of it, but never (I am told), his contempt.

Nobody remembered when Manny commenced bleeding. It was probably late in his career, in the early 1920s. It seemed then as if he had always bled, and he rarely finished a ride without the blood starting to come. He bled through the nose and often, it appeared, from the corners of his mouth. Sometimes the blood came in bright spurts that flashed in the sunlight and ran down over his mouth and dripped off his chin. When the blood began spurting, the crowd was in turn frenzied by his reckless courage in literally bleeding for what he was doing and hushed by the flowing, red reminder of his mortality. As if in contempt for this only sign of his fallibility, Manny would drink the bottle of strawberry soda through

COURTESY CAROL AIROLA

bloody lips. He would toss the empty bottle toward the grandstand where it rolled to a stop, caked with blood and dust. The small boys scrambled into the arena as always, but they would not wrestle for the bottle. They stood and stared at it, then lagged uneasily back toward the grandstand. They did not pick up the bottle.

MORE, EVEN, THAN WHAT BECAME KNOWN as the "blood and bottle ride," Manny is remembered for his epochal battle with a killer-roan-stallion. Known only as The Stallion, the roan had never killed a man; he took his reputation from kicking to death three mares that had been pastured with him. It was said he stood sixteen to eighteen hands high. He had long, clean, strong legs. His back and chest were broad, and his powerful, arched neck surged in perfect symmetry out of his great shoulders. But his head spoiled him. He had a big Roman nose and mean, little pig eyes which he rolled wickedly. His ears were small, and he laid them flat against his skull when anyone or anything approached. He growled deep in his barrel and shook his head and gave out warning snorts which sounded like brassy honks. Nobody would try to ride him. His owner said he was going to hire an Indian to shoot him and sled him off for the meat. Someone told Manny about The Stallion, and Manny came to have a look at him. "I'll ride him," Manny said to the owner. "You're welcome to him," the owner said, "but he'll kill you." "I don't think so," Manny replied.

Manny rode The Stallion on a bright, blue June day at the fairgrounds in Angels Camp. The grandstands were packed, and the betting was high. Most of the bets, I am told, were on The Stallion. The Stallion had to be dragged blindfolded from the holding pen into the chute by two horses pulling from inside the arena. He set his feet, screamed, honked his brassy honk, and snapped his long yellow teeth "like pistol shots." He shook his head violently against the taut snub rope and slammed his body into the narrow walls of the chute. As the raging animal was dragged in a cloud of dust past the heavy upright posts that supported the chute, a man shoved thick, log cross-pieces between his buttocks and the posts so he could not back up.

When The Stallion was jammed up against the starting gate and pinned there by the cross-pieces, Manny came up. He was carrying his saddle over his shoulder. The bridle swung from the pommel. He wore a high-crowned Stetson, a blue neckerchief, blue shirt, and wooly chaps. His California spurs were heavy-leathered and small-rowelled. Manny climbed up on the chute while a man lifted his saddle and set it on the top rail. It was a Montana-Wyoming stock saddle. Manny laid a blanket across the broad back, smoothed it carefully, then set the saddle down, hooking one stirrup over the pommel. The Stallion growled and twisted at the snub rope. A man on the other side of the chute reached through the rails and pushed the cinch strap across under The Stallion's belly. Manny reached down and picked it up and ran it

COURTESY CAROL AIROLA

through the buckle. Then he set his high-heeled boots firmly between the rails and pulled up hard. The Stallion puffed out his belly. Manny nodded to the man on the ground. The man rested a heavy pole between the chute rails, then rammed it viciously into The Stallion's belly. The Stallion expelled air in a brassy honk and great flatulent explosions. Manny yanked the strap up two more notches and hooked it through the buckle. When the saddle was cinched, he grasped the pommel and rocked it. It was tight.

Manny then edged carefully along the fence, holding the bridle so it did not jingle and talking softly to The Stallion. He was using a plain snaffle bit so he could slip it quickly between the big yellow teeth. He took the animal's velvety soft chin in one hand and tried to open his mouth to the bit, but The Stallion locked his big yellow teeth and growled and shook his head. A man climbed up the opposite side of the chute and pressed the animal's nostrils shut. When The Stallion, growling and shaking his head, finally gasped desperately for air, Manny slipped the bit over the big teeth with a hollow clunking sound and fastened the bridle under the flat ears. Next, he edged back along the fence and slipped quickly into the saddle.

The Stallion honked and screamed and snapped his teeth. His bowels moved, and there was a heavy smell of fresh droppings and sweat and dust. He flailed his body back and forth against the chute, but men on either side poked him away with poles. Manny tried his stirrups. Then he leaned forward and lifted the blinds. The Stallion twisted his head and rolled one eye back to look at Manny. And now, in his vision-dominated brain, he saw what had happened to him, saw and understood and quieted, setting his legs for the fight. A great, electric shiver went through his body, and his muscles rolled and swelled. He growled deep in his barrel. This time Manny did not fetch the bottle of strawberry soda. He nodded, the snub was released, and the gate flew open at the same time.

The Stallion smashed into the side of the chute coming out. He screamed and rose into the air and shook himself like a great marlin. He came down stiff-legged, and Manny raised and took the jolt in his legs. The Stallion pawed its way into the air, thrashing, bawling, swapping ends like a giant spring, sunfishing in a cloud of dust. You could hear the rattle of the bridle and the creak and pop of leather even over the yelling of the crowd.

MANNY BEGAN TO BLEED. THE SMELL OF HIS BLOOD drove The Stallion into a frenzy, and he bucked across the arena and tried to smash Manny against the fence. Men ran along the fence and drove him off with poles. In the center of the arena The Stallion bunched his feet and went straight up and came down stiff-legged. He went across the arena in great, stiff-legged, pogo-stick jumps. Manny took the landings in the stirrups, but now great filamented spurts of blood pumped from his nose, traced the air in clots, and floated to the ground. His face was a mask of blood. Moans swelled in waves out of the crowd. Women were crying and running out of the grandstand. Men sat tense and white faced. One man vomited over the railing into the arena.

Whether from impulse or to reassure the crowd, Manny suddenly leaned forward and stripped the bridle off. He circled the bridle, flashing in the sun, above his head and sent it sailing across the arena. The crowd came to its feet yelling, *Mandy, Mandy.* Freed of the bridle, The Stallion went berserk. He bawled, twisted, jackknifed, kicked straight up, and swapped ends so hard the leather squeaked and whined. Manny's shirt was soaked with blood. His face was streaked with blood and dust. Then The Stallion, kicking and flailing, lost his footing and crashed to the ground in a boiling cloud of dust. Through the bilious murk, Manny could be seen standing next to the struggling stallion. He had stepped off as the horse fell. When The Stallion fought his way back to his feet, Manny was in the saddle. He had not lost his stirrups.

The Stallion was lathered and blowing foam. The fall had

COURTESY CAROL AIROLA

(Opposite) *Manny looks like a winner as he jumps from the saddle in the heat of a strenuous competition known as the "money race." The cowboys are racing for a five-dollar bill that has been dropped in the center of the ring. The rider who can keep the bill from his competitors for five minutes wins the money. Manny usually triumphed.* (Left) *Manny's young son Carol sits happily on his father's knee in this touching family picture. The great bronc rider died at thirty-seven; his only son went on to become a first-rate bronc buster himself.*

COURTESY CAROL AIROLA

COURTESY CAROL AIROLA

(Above) *This photograph of Manny on horseback was taken about 1914 as a postcard shot. The sleek animal beneath the famous rider is The Stallion's half-brother (same stud, different mare), and he strongly resembles that menacing bronc who had "a big Roman nose and mean, little pig eyes which he rolled wickedly."* (Below) *One of the many prizes won by this daring rider was the 1914 championship bronco-buster's belt for Stanislaus, Calaveras, Mariposa, and Tuolumne counties. Riding for the joy of it rather than for rewards, Manny Airola repeatedly risked his life in the arena, electrifying crowds by his poise in the face of death.*

knocked the wind out of him. He made a bucking and wobbling run across the arena and blindly butted his head into the fence. There was blood on his nose. He staggered and nearly fell again. He swung back to the center of the arena and stopped. He planted his hooves and tried to buck, but he could not get his hooves off the ground. His legs began to splay out, and he stood like a sawhorse. His nose was in the dust. He heaved his back up and down but his hooves would not move. Manny swung down. His face was black with dust and blood. His shirt was a carapace of dried blood and dust and sweat. He waved at the crowd, and two men came out and walked with him to the chute. A man with a black bag met him and began cleaning his face and swabbing at his nose with a cottoned stick.

The Stallion had to be dragged away, still humping, still trying to buck. Two months later another man tried to ride him. The Stallion threw him just outside the chute and turned and tried to stomp him. He had to be driven off by two horsemen. His owner had him shot and gave him to the Indians.

Manny Airola died in 1925. He was thirty-seven years old and free of the ruins of time. Early death engulfed the man and enhanced the legend, leaving him pinned in the evanescent beam of local and imagistic history, the lone rider aboard a bucking bronc defiantly drinking strawberry "sodie pop" through the incarnadine proof of his mortality.

The legend of Manny Airola prefigured the stories of his death. One has it that he collapsed on the streets of Angels Camp, bleeding through his nose and mouth, that an autopsy revealed all his internal organs to be jammed together. Even his heart was said to have been thrust aside. But there was no autopsy. Another tale has it that Manny had a gall bladder operation, and his doctor told him not to ride for six months. He rode anyway. He broke a horse for a friend. He bled and he died. Another story has old-time undertaker, John Carley, fittingly taking his two black horses out of pasture and hitching them to his old hearse. The hearse was glass on both sides and in back; on each side of the carriage's roof, three black plumes floated in their sockets. Manny lay in an open casket dressed in his cowboy rig—boots, spurs, angora chaps, blue shirt, blue neckerchief, and Stetson. His favorite horse followed the hearse, saddled and with stirrups turned back. A band softly played the threnody "The Cowboy's Lament." Another story holds that he was carried in an ordinary motor hearse and there was no band. The horse did follow the hearse, and Manny was dressed in his cowboy rig.

What we know for certain is that Manny Airola was the greatest bronc buster who ever lived. But if you would like to nominate another, friend, open the chute and cut him loose. He will be something to see.

Jack Burrows *teaches American Indian history at San Jose City College in California. He received information about Manny Airola from ranchers and cowboys who rode with Manny and from Mrs. B. E. Burrows (the writer's mother), who was regarded as "one of the best horsewomen in Calaveras County."*

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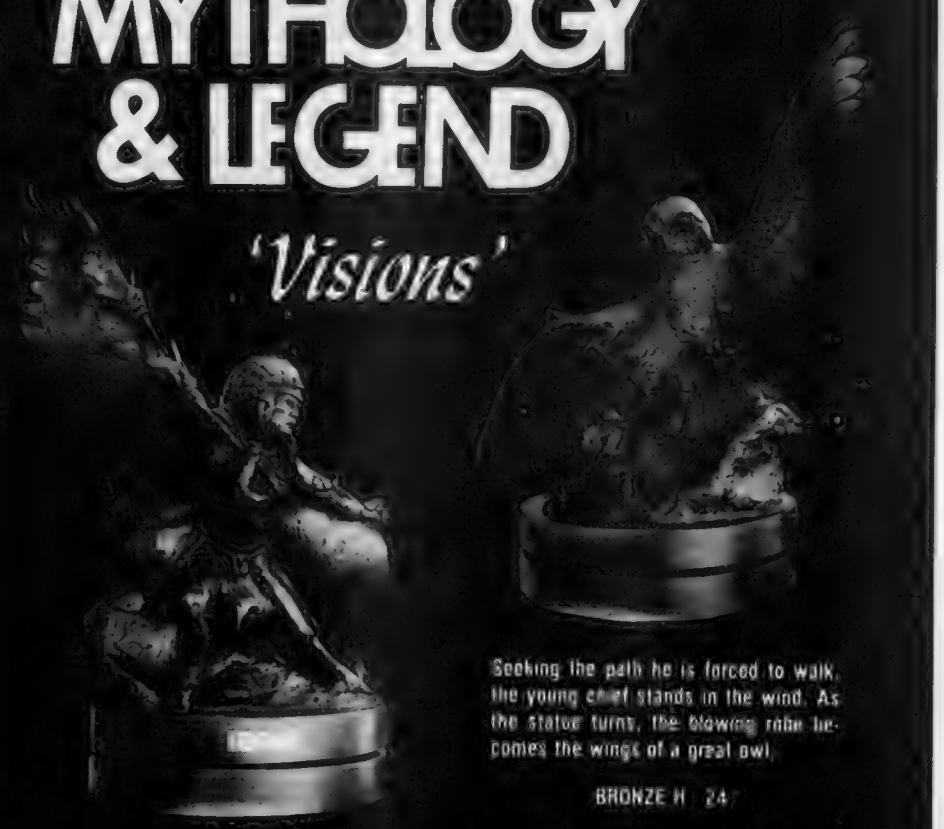

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Western Books in Brief

These books may be purchased from your local bookstore. AMERICAN WEST does not sell them.

The American Spa: Hot Springs, Arkansas *by Dee Brown (Rose Publishing Co., Little Rock, 1982; 96 pp., illus., index, $14.95).*
The anecdotal narrative and numerous illustrations in this book support the author's testament that "History is by no means dry-as-dust"—especially when it is the history of a hot spot like Hot Springs. Dee Brown relates the many-faceted development of this celebrated and hospitable town from the time DeSoto discovered the soothing waters in 1541.

The John Muir Trail *by Don and Roberta Lowe (The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1982; 120 pp., illus., index, paper $7.95).*
Backpacking in California's High Sierra can be comfortable and exciting with the detailed descriptions in this guide. Cross-section profiles of grade elevations aid in realistic day-by-day scheduling, while photographs of selected landmarks identify one's location along the trail.

Roadside Geology of the Northern Rockies *by David D. Alt and Donald W. Hyndman (Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana, 8th printing, 1982; 280 pp., illus., paper $9.95).*
"Leaving out the kind of detail that would be charming only to a professional geologist," this guide provides interesting, concise information on the geological formation of the Northern Rocky Mountains as seen along the main highways. Maps pointing out geological features and areas for collection precede the discussion of each geographic section. A glossary identifies unfamiliar but basic terminology.

When You and I Were Young, Whitefish *by Dorothy M. Johnson (Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana, 1982; 176 pp., $13.95).*
Girlish antics and observations about Whitefish, Montana, offer a lighthearted look into the life of a growing Western town in the early twentieth century. These fresh, jaunty tales of youth radiate good humor.

Cowboy Riding Country *by John Sinclair (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982; 191 pp., illus., $19.95).*
With a friendly wink, Sinclair writes of mystery men, ghost girls, and the piny El Capitan Mountains in New Mexico. He paints a colorful picture of his beloved state in the early 1900s through the eyes of the young cowpoke he once was.

Soft Gold: The Fur Trade & Cultural Exchange on the Northwest Coast of America *by Thomas Vaughn and Bill Holm (Oregon Historical Society, Portland, 1982; 301 pp., biblio., illus., paper $16.95, cloth $24.95).*
The magnificent presentation of scores of stunning artifacts and objects of trade make this book particularly appealing. Fascinating detail in the notes and text enrich our understanding of people and economic forces then and now. Many quality reproductions of fine paintings, drawings, and maps of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are included.

Nature and Madness *by Paul Shepard (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1983; 192 pp., index, $15.95).*
Alarmed by the continuing rape of the earth, the author examines modern man's ambivalent attitudes toward his environment. Shepard concludes that western society is stuck in a destructive adolescent stage of development. "Reader take note," he warns, "this book is by an amateur and is based on informed conjecture," but his message commands our attention.

Vanishing Breed: Photographs of the Cowboy and the West *by William Albert Allard (A New York Graphic Society Book/ Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1982; 140 pp., $34.95).*
With artistic sensitivity, Allard translates the beauty of the Western ranges onto the pages of a book. This special vision of the American West is packed into one hundred-plus full-color photographs of the life of the working cowboy today—from cattle ranges to local bars. (See "Whose Old West

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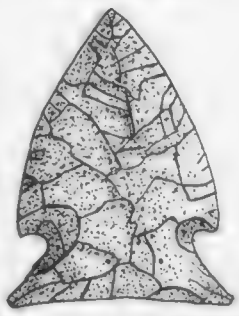

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Is Disappearing?'' by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., with photos by William Albert Allard in AMERICAN WEST, Nov/Dec, 1982.)

North American Wild Game Cookbook *by Bill & Anita Mabbut (Solstice Press, Moscow, Idaho, 1982; 112 pp., index, paper $9.95).*

For sportsmen and their friends everywhere, the authors promise culinary delight from even the oldest and toughest game of common and uncommon varieties. Instructions are given for curing processes and garnishes while a handy list discloses those recipes in which substitutions (the game you caught?) may be made for other game.

Masterworks of American Photography *by Martha A. Sandweiss (Oxmoor House, Inc., Birmingham, 1982; 155 pp., notes, index, $49.95).*

Spectacular vistas and romantic visions are captured in the enchanting images in this beautiful, oversized book. A concise historical background introduces every major photographic style since 1840. Photographs are from the collection of the Amon Carter Museum.

Singing Cowboys and All That Jazz: A Short History of Popular Music in Oklahoma *by William W. Savage, Jr. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1983; 208 pp., illus., biblio., $14.95).*

If you do not remember Otto Gray and the Oklahoma Cowboys, or the Texas Playboys, you are sure to know Gene Autry, Count Basie, Woody Guthrie, and Roger Miller. From the blues to country western and rock, this is the well-told scoop behind these famous musicians and many more in the ''musical melting pot'' of Oklahoma since the early 1900s.

Mountains of North America: The great peaks and ranges of the continent *by Fred Beckey with images by 58 eminent nature photographers (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1982; 296 pp., map, biblio., $35.00).*

One hundred forty colorful photographs in an oversized format reveal the many moods of North America's wilderness. Enlivened by accounts from Beckey's own mountain-climbing experiences, the text includes commentaries on thirty-five mountains—from snow-covered, craggy peaks to much-frequented sites accessible by automobile.

(Continued on page 66)

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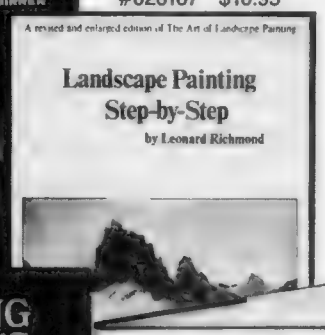

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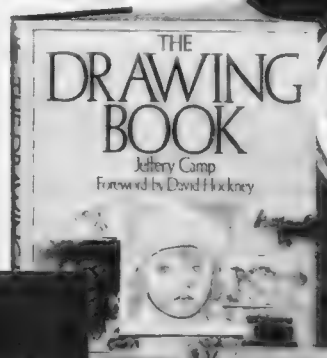

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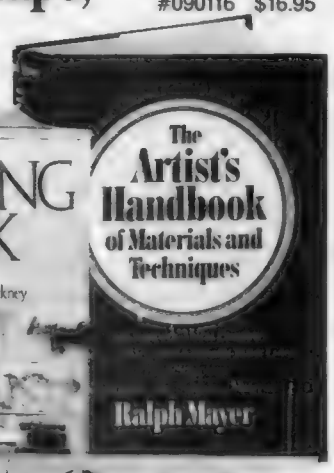

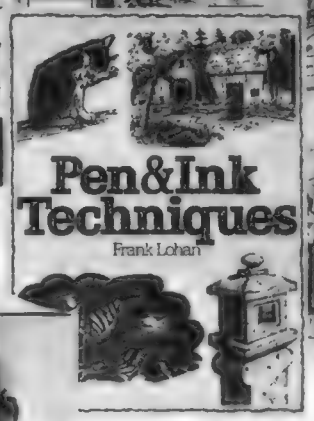

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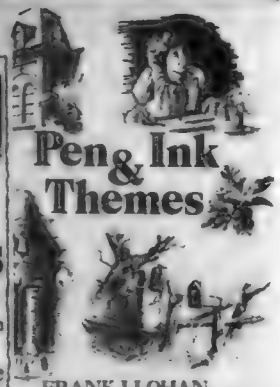

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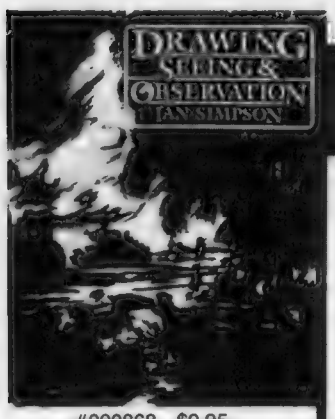

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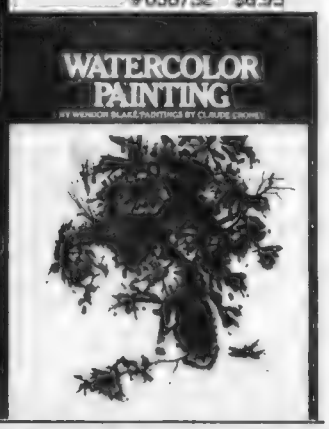

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Cowgirls: Women of the American West *by Teresa Jordan (Anchor Press/Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1982; 302 pp., illus., biblio., index, $19.95).*
Twenty-eight women ranch-hands and rodeo stars speak out about their lives on the ranges of the West. These oral histories—along with songs, poems, notes from journals, and numerous photos (old and new)—vividly portray American cowgirls of determination.

The Klamath Knot: Explorations of Myth and Evolution *by David Rains Wallace (Sierra Club Books, 1983; 160 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., $14.95).*
Fresh ideas and nimble writing are the keystones of Wallace's essay on the Klamath wilderness. Animated with mystery and humor, these philosophical reflections on the area's scrambled, archaic ecology abound with facts of natural history.

Enju: The Life and Struggle of an Apache Chief from the Little Running Water *by Sinclair Browning, intro. by Morris K. Udall (Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1982; 154 pp., 12 photos, biblio., paper $9.95).*
Enju—it is well. But for many years it was not well with the Apaches. While Geronimo rampaged, Eskiminzin—chief of the Aravaipa Apaches—worked doggedly with Indian agent John Clum in search of peace between Anglo and Indian. The real tragedies and ordeals suffered by Eskiminzin and his people are retold here in fictional form.

Gifts of the Earth: Fifty-five Authentic Indian Recipes from Fifteen Tribes *by Juli Spencer Trapp (Pruett Publishing, Boulder, 1982; 43 pp., illus., paper $4.95).*
Traditional recipes from Indian tribes spanning the Americas invite the reader to titillate his palate with dishes like sunflower pudding (a mildly spiced vegetable stew prepared by the Zuni), hazelnut-oyster stew, or red snapper with grapes. These recipes were selected for their traditional authenticity, but they can be prepared in a modern kitchen with few substitutes.

During My Time: Florence Edenshaw Davidson, A Haida Woman *by Margaret B. Blackman (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1983; 192 pp., illus., appendix, biblio., index, $18.95).*
Charming and simply written, Florence Davidson's story takes us from her youth, when Haida women's rolés were bound by strict traditions, to her elder years regulated by today's more familiar routines on the Queen Charlotte Islands. She speaks of her kitchen, her children, life struggles, and changing values.

The Quarter Horse: A varied assortment of historical articles, equine biographies and characteristics, sketches of horsemen and other lore, all pertaining to the Quarter Horse *ed. by Bob Denhardt (Texas A & M Press, 1983, 1st edition 1941; 229 pp., index, $14.95).*
According to Bob Denhardt, "the Quarter Horse is the greatest cow horse and short distance race horse ever to look through a bridle." Early articles by Bob Denhardt, Frank Dobie, and others provide history, observations, and reminiscences on one of today's most popular and famous breeds.

Back Trail of an Old Cowboy *by Paul E. Young, ed. by Nellie Snyder Yost (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1983; 229 pp., $14.95).*
Breaking, racing, and riding—ninety-year-old Paul Young back-trails over a long life of literally horsing around. But these genial memories show us more than fun and games: death, dentists, and family life—the common experiences of us all are sensitively and wittily recounted.

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R. S. Dabney, III
Florence, Alabama

The Western History Association subscribers number less than 2,000 out of AMERICAN WEST's total paid circulation of approximately 135,000.–Ed.

Kudos and brickbats

Loved your magazine as always—especially "Haystack Butte Surrenders Terrible Lizard" in March/April 1983.

I don't know *re* South Dakota *trucks*, but on our Texas ranges, the carrier vehicle is a "*pick-up* pulling a *trailer!*"

Jenna V. Ownbey
Amarillo, Texas

You are responsible for changing a practise I have followed for many years—browsing a magazine from back to front. Do not ask me why. It just seemed more fun that way. But, now I open AMERICAN WEST promptly to "Letters" because they are invariably entertaining and informative—and even, at times, mildly critical. You are to be commended upon the selection of reader-letters.

Somehow, you have managed to recapture for some of us the essence of times we do not wish forgotten.

I suppose I enjoy your "Letters" so much because they say—*we remember*. And as with old and dear friends who have vanished from the scene, they will live on so long as we care enough to remember them. Yes, I am trying to say I enjoy your magazine and I do not think you will ever run short of material for it, so long as you have such loyal supporters.

Helen O'Connor Rockwell
Phoenix, Arizona

Enclosed is my check for $5.00 to cover the cost of another copy of the November/December 1982 issue.

I particularly want to have another copy of this issue because of the article on the six Maynard Dixon drawings. Although I want to take this opportunity to say that all of your issues are very interesting, informative,, and beautiful (the last adjective refers to general makeup and pictures).

Siegfried G. Demke
San Gabriel, California

I am forty-two years old and work for Trans World Airlines as a mechanic. I camp out and four-wheel, visit remote Ghost towns, and am out in the desert and mountains all summer long. (California and Nevada).

I subscribed to the original *Desert Magazine* because real outdoor people wrote and lived their articles. The magazine changed hands but still retained the desert title. The magazine was then written by people who were not really outdoor people. They were drugstore cowboys and women. The articles were silly and dumb.

Who cares how to cook in the desert? Most people bring what they need and cook simple anyway. Who cares about the flowers and weeds or the ants or the color of the sand? I would say that these females and their silly articles ruined the magazine. I really did not subscribe to your magazine and only have seen one issue. I will make up my mind on a later date. My advice to you is do not let females and drugstore cowboys ruin your magazine.

George E. Chapman
Glendale, California

We can't all be wrong all the time. The Editor's remarks in the January/February issue of AMERICAN WEST are pithy, pointed and poignant—well said.

Ed Abbey
Oracle, Arizona

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

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Lookout *(Continued from page 14)*

helmets glinting in the sun. According to organizer Robert W. Munson, these modern adventurers are following the footsteps of Spanish conquistadors in the Espejo Expedition, which left Awatovi in search of gold near Jerome, Arizona, on the same date exactly four hundred years before. Antonio de Espejo and his men were the first Europeans to see the Verde Valley, said Munson, a ranger and historian at Fort Verde State Park who hopes this painstaking reenactment will promote interest in the rich history of the region. Riders on the nine-day, 175-mile trek are making two concessions to the twentieth century: they carry first-aid kits and cameras.

Father's Day Classic. On June 19 the top bicycle racers in the United States will test their strength on the hills of Nevada City, California—hills that once drew thousands of miners in search of gold. During its twenty-three-year history, the Nevada City Father's Day Classic has developed a reputation as "the toughest, one-day, bicycle race in America." The men's competition involves thirty-three laps of a 1.1 mile course that includes sharp turns, fast straightaways, and exhausting climbs. A crowd of about twenty thousand people is expected to cheer the cyclists over the winding streets of this historic gold-rush town.

Ashcan Artist. The Smithsonian Institution is sponsoring a traveling exhibit of paintings by John Sloan (1871–1951) that traces his artistic development in Santa Fe over a period of thirty years. The Hunter Museum of Art in Chattanooga, Tennessee, will host the show from May 15 through June 12, with appearances following at the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum in Wausau, Wisconsin; the University of Arizona Museum of Art in Tucson; and the Fine Arts Museum of the South in Mobile, Alabama. (See "John Sloan Paints the West: Art, antics, and adventure in Santa Fe," AMERICAN WEST, March/April 1983.)

Montana Quilt Show. Heirloom quilts in such time-honored patterns as log cabin, bear claw, broken star, and grandmother's flower garden will honor the skill and patience of Montana's pioneers at the Western Heritage Center's annual quilt show, May 29 through July 17. A judged competition that has grown steadily over the last eleven years, this show in Billings features works of fine craftsmanship, color, and design. Contemporary quilts in both modern and traditional patterns will be displayed as well as treasures from the past.

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Western Snapshots

"Lord, I'm coming home, never more to roam." In rural areas across our land during the last century, the faithful often gathered for outdoor baptisms in the spring and summer seasons. This touching photograph keeps alive a baptismal ceremony in a pond near Fay, Blaine County, Oklahoma Territory, in April 1900. Men, women, and children have turned out in their Sunday best to celebrate the conversion of two new members to their flock. Standing in the water by his charges, with hand raised in blessing, evangelist James Hays prepares to immerse two converts to The Church of the First Born.

Hays came to Oklahoma in 1889 when he "ran for his farm" as the Indian Territory's unassigned lands were opened. Accepting the faith of the fundamentalist Church of the First Born about 1890, Hays became a frontier evangelist whose energy changed the lives of hundreds of early-day settlers. Brother Hays's custom was to rent a farm, plant a crop, preach and convert, harvest the crop, and then move to another community and do it all over again. Among the congregations that Hays started are those at Fay, Rocky, and Homestead—small communities in western Oklahoma. They are still functioning seventy years after his death.

Family folklore tells that on a particular Sunday, Brother Hays baptized fifty converts in the Cimarron River. His brother Harvey once walked twelve miles every day for two weeks to listen to James preach; Harvey liked "to hear Jim speak" but "didn't believe a word he said."

Glenn Hays of Bend, Oregon, who is a grandnephew of James, sent us this appealing picture of frontier fellowship. Memories were contributed by Hobart Hays, Keith Sutton, and by Earl Humphrey who witnessed this scene at the age of five years.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

The July/August
AMERICAN WEST
ART DIRECTORY

Please read the instructions
and return the completed form
with your 35-word
listing by May 5, 1983.

1. To qualify for a FREE 35-word listing, your advertisement (1/6 page or larger) must appear in one of these three issues: May/June 1983, July/August 1983, or September/October 1983.

2. The listing is limited to 35 words including the company name at the lead (see sample on back of this card). Listings running more than 35 words will be edited.

3. Indicate in the listing what the reader will receive from your company (brochure, catalog, etc.)

4. If there is a charge for the material, please indicate this in the listing. A check will be issued once a month to the advertisers from the Nielsen Company if payment is requested.

5. Be sure to indicate the key person on the listing application. This is the person the mailing labels will be addressed to.

6. DEADLINE IS MAY 5, 1983.

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American West
ART DIRECTORY

AMERICAN WEST is proud of the many art galleries that grace its pages, and is pleased to assist you in contacting them.
The advertisers listed below have indicated that they will send additional information, brochures, or catalogs on their art and artists to interested readers. Simply circle the corresponding number on the adjacent reader service envelope and drop it in the mail to us. We'll forward inquiries to the advertisers. Be sure to include a check or money order if payment is requested.

SAMPLE

1. **Aesthetic Prints.** Limited Edition Collector Prints of mountain men by Joseph E. Velazquez and wildlife by Lee Cable. Send for free color brochure.

2. **1983 Allard Indian Auction**—An auction sale of more than 1200 choice American Indian collector's items. March 26–28, 1983 at the Sunburst Hotel, Scottsdale, Arizona. Send $10 for catalog. Admittance by catalog only.

3. **The American Western Collection** features limited edition prints, sculptures, and original paintings by America's finest western and historical artists. Send for your free 36 page catalog and Civil War print brochure today. Dealer inquiries invited.

4. **Americo and Eva Makk,** with four international Gold Medals in three years, paint scenes and people of four continents—Africa, Europe, South and North America—and recreate the American West in oils, prints, and new book.

5. **Arizona West Galleries.** List available of Western artists, including Taos Founders, Borein, Borg, Burbank, Dixon, Eggenhofer, Harman, James, Payne, Remington, Russell, Swinnerton, and others. We also purchase artwork of deceased artists.

6. **Arrowsmith's** presents for purchase, through our catalog and sales lists, unique items of arts and antiquities including American Indian Art, Fine Art, Americana, and more. We offer specialized service for locating your particular wants.

7. **Artists Union Gallery**—Fine contemporary and period work. Representing artists from the N.A.W.A., C.A., and N.W.R. groups. Quality Hudson River School, Taos, and Classic Western for the established and young collector. Invitations upon request.

16. **El Taller Gallery.** Featuring contemporary Southwestern art by Amado Maurilio Peña, Jr., and Liese Jean Scott; clay sculpture by Shirley Thompson Smith and Alex Thorliefson. 8 page color brochure of 48 Peña posters $5. Texas residents add 5% sales tax.

17. **Forum del Sol.** Signed and numbered, limited edition prints (landscapes, cowboys, Indian, wildlife) from the West's most distinguished painters; Wilson Hurley, Bettina Steinke, Morris Rippel, Ned Jacob, James Boren. Free brochure available on request.

18. **The Gallery at Northland Press,** Flagstaff, Arizona. Fine art originals, Limited Edition Collector prints and art publications by Bill Owen, Mark Thompson, Cynthia Bennett, and Eva, Americo, and A. B. Makk. Free catalogs available.

19. **Gini Gregg.** Contemporary and Deceased Fine Western Art. Collectors—if you're buying or selling fine Western art, I can help you. From Clymer, McCarthy, and Terpning to Russell and Remington, etc. Twelve years experience. (602) 947-9641.

20. **Green River Trading Co.** Publishers of Fine Limited Edition Prints specializing in the Art of the American West. Color flyers available on artists in prints by request.

21. **H & L Investments—American Indian Chess Set**—All 32 pieces of this exquisite chess set are finely sculptured American Indian figures. The King (Indian Chief) is 6'' high. Antique gold and silver finish on pewter. Free color brochure.

22. **Hole in the Wall Galleries.** Offer fine limited edition prints by Gary Carter/historical matter, A. J. McCoy/wildlife, Jim Watulok/waterfowl, Marlowe Urdahl/gamebirds, Lee Stroncek/game fish, Wilma Tronstadt/wild animals.

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George Boutwell

"A TRIBUTE TO TWO TREES," Original Watercolor available, 30" × 40". 500 Signed & Numbered Prints have completely sold out.

WRITE FOR FREE 20 PAGE COLOR CATALOG OF LIMITED EDITIONS

Boutwell Gallery Limited
3913 AVENUE C
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78751
(512) 458-2124

"WHERE THEY PRAY FOR COTTON," Original Watercolor available, 19" × 30". 500 Signed & Numbered Prints will be available in Nov. '83. Print size 15" × 24", price $50 unframed, $130 framed, now taking advance orders.

"Buffalo Hunt"

26" High x 27" Long x 14" Wide
Issue of 30

by

Elie Hazak

A.I.C.A.

A 20-page color brochure showing all of Elie Hazak's superb works of art is available. Send $2.00 to cover handling and shipping. Mail to address at right.

ELIE HAZAK
407 Grand Oak Lane
Thousand Oaks, California 91360
(805) 495-8343